

89  
April 1956 - 25¢

# The Sign

National Catholic Magazine



THE FACE  
OF CHILDHOOD

SEE PICTURE STORY

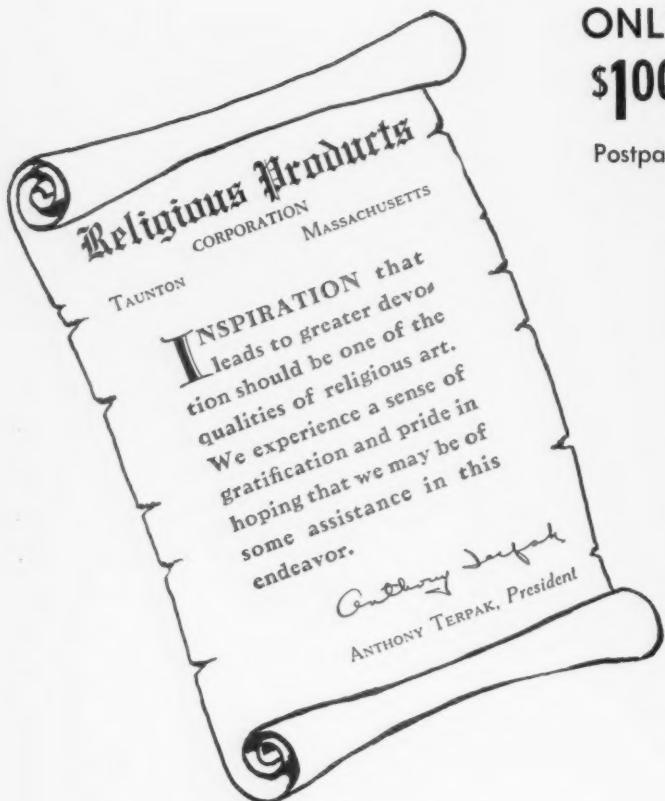
WHO'S AFRAID OF OLD AGE?

By Milton Lomask

1258 719868 A  
MICHIGAN STATE UNIV  
EAST LANSING  
MIC

# SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

The Second of a Series



ONLY  
**\$100**

Postpaid



ALTAR SHRINE WITH FLOWERS

SIZE: 4" x 2" x 7"

NATURAL COLORED 2 3/4" STATUE			NAME OF STATUES
White	Pink	Blue	
1601	1701	1801	Lady of Grace.
1603	1703	1803	Sacred Heart.
1605	1705	1805	Infant of Prague.
1607	1707	1807	Lady of Fatima.

Choice of White, Pink or Blue Altar  
All Altars Decorated Gold  
Flowers in Soft Pastel Colors.  
Individually Boxed.

## PASTORS • MOTHER SUPERIORS

HOLY NAME SOCIETIES • SODALITIES

For Quantity Purchases and Additional  
Savings

Write for FREE Full Color Descriptive Catalog  
and Price List

Excellent Items For Fund Raising & Bazaars

Save the above ad and watch for future issues in which other subjects will be announced in this magazine.

Please use this handy order form for this introductory offer.  
Send cash, check or money order—NO C.O.D., PLEASE.  
Money cheerfully refunded in ten days if not satisfied.

**RELIGIOUS PRODUCTS CORP., TAUNTON, MASS.**

NAME .....

COLOR SHRINE	LADY OF GRACE	QUAN	SACRED HEART	QUAN	INFANT OF PRAGUE	QUAN	LADY OF FATIMA	QUAN
WHITE	1601		1603		1605		1607	
PINK	1701		1703		1705		1707	
BLUE	1801		1803		1805		1807	

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE.....

STATE .....

# ONCE-A-YEAR SALE

FACTORY-  
TO-YOU

## EXQUISITE ALL STEEL PLANT STAND



REGULAR  
\$14.95  
VALUE

PRICE  
SLASHED  
TO

**\$7.95**

- 3½ Feet High
- Revolving Arms
- Will Not Tip or Tilt

Never before at this low price. Revolving arms (for sunning, watering, different room arrangements) extend 5 to 10 in. from center. Holds 10 standard-size pots including one 8-in. pot bottom center. (Plants, pots **not** included.) Fill tote with moss to root climbing plants. Choice: Wrought Iron Black or Tropical White.

## 67 PIECE Solid STAINLESS ENGLISHTOWN TABLEWARE

Guaranteed  
65 Years



67 Piece  
SERVICE FOR 8 INCLUDES:  
8—1-pc. Forged Knives  
8—Forks  
8—Sized Forks  
1—Large Serving Spoon  
8—Iced Tea Spoons  
8—Soup Spoons  
8—Sheffield, Hollow ground, Serrated  
Steak Knives  
3-pc. Hostess Serving Set

REGULAR \$39.50 VALUE

PRICE  
SLASHED TO

**\$14.95**

Rich . . . Ornate . . . Gleaming . . . Beautiful

Permanent Mirror Finish Never Needs Polishing

Once in each generation, comes a silver pattern so beautifully proportioned, so exquisitely designed, so perfect in every detail, as this homemaker's dream. Maytime embodies all the flawless characteristics of truly fine tableware from its heavy weight, one-piece forged knives, to its delicately pierced open work and deeply embossed pattern.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, Dept. YP-112  
4757 Ravenswood, Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush items checked. Purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

Plant Stand \$7.95, color \_\_\_\_\_  
 67-piece Tableware, \$14.95  
 Saladmaker, \$7.95  
 Saladmaker Deluxe, \$9.95

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

To save postage, I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ ship prepaid.

Ship C.O.D. plus postage.

## GUARANTEE

We absolutely guarantee this product to be first quality in material and workmanship. You must be 100% satisfied or your money refunded or exchanged.

**PREPARES FOOD OVER 200 DELIGHTFUL WAYS**  
Now you can prepare the most beautiful, healthful foods with unsurpassed speed, safety, and economy. Makes wonderful waffle-potatoes, tossed salad, golden brown potato chips; chops onions, peels apples, crumbles bread, prepares baby foods, health foods, and vegetable juices. Slices faster than electric machines costing \$200 or more. Easy to clean and easy to operate. Safe enough for a child to use. Recipe book included.

## PRICE SLASHED! Hollywood All-Purpose SALADMAKER

"Performs MIRACLES with Food"



Guaranteed to do  
anything any food  
cutting machine  
will do!

NATIONALLY  
ADVERTISED AT  
~~\$19.95~~

REDUCED TO

**\$7.95**

3 steel cutters

DELUXE MODEL  
5 steel cutters  
~~\$9.95~~

Cutters never  
need sharpening!

In latest encyclical the Holy Father urges good hymns as aid to fostering piety and arousing holy joy

## Now Hear This!

# ON RECORD

### Easter Hymns

(Lent hymns on other side)

from the new Catholic People's Hymnal sung by the famed



**BONAVENTURA CHORUS** with the St. Bonaventure Boys Choir. Now hear the hymns with complete ecclesiastical approval—in both words and music. Long playing full frequency 10-inch unbreakable \$4.98

**IDEAL EASTER GIFT.** Can send to any address with your gift-card enclosed.

#### MAIL NOW

**World Library of Sacred Music**  
1846 Westwood Avenue  
Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Please send me the beautiful recording of the new Lent & Easter Hymns (with my free Easter gift copy of PEOPLE'S HYMNAL) sung by the famed Bonaventura Chorus.

\$4.98 enclosed.

BILL me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

### FREE . . .

one copy of PEOPLE'S HYMNAL (melody edition) with each record if form below is filled out and mailed before EASTER SUNDAY 1956

## ISRAEL AND THE ARABS

May I express my deep appreciation for your forceful editorial in the January issue of THE SIGN? I trust that this editorial may have distribution not only among the large readership of THE SIGN but generally throughout the country. It was a brave thing for you to publish. I am sure you will be castigated in many quarters. In the end it is those who refuse to be intimidated who will save America from the tragic loss with which we are threatened in the Middle East.

GARLAND EVANS HOPKINS  
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT  
AMERICAN FRIENDS OF MIDDLE EAST  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The case for the Arabs has so often been misrepresented that it was refreshing to read your forthright editorial. Refreshing because in the midst of misrepresentation current about the issue of Palestine, your words were unambiguous and plain. Forthright, because it put the burden of responsibility on those politicians who succumb to Zionist pressure and not on the "intransigence" of the so-called Arab "aggressor."

As an Arab and a Maronite, may I express to you my deep appreciation and gratitude.

CLOVIS MAKSoud

ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE  
OXFORD, ENGLAND

. . . I have many times tried to explain to my fellow doctors that the Jewish people have no natural and historic right in Palestine and have wished that some well-informed writer would only make the truth known to a large audience.

You can imagine how pleased I was when a friend called your splendid editorial, "Israel and the Arabs," to my attention. . . .

FRANCOIS ABBoud, M.D.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

You are a brave and forthright man to present the case of the forgotten Arabs so clearly and unequivocally in this our country where the least criticism of Zionism, no matter how justified, is roundly denounced as anti-Semitism. . . .

Extensive travel throughout the Middle East during and following my two-year stay in Egypt has shown me the injustice our country helped to mete out to the Arabs, a gross injustice to which most Americans are quite indifferent. . . .

AGNESE DUNNE

MONTIOWOC, WIS.

It is gratifying at long last to have some one address the Christian conscience in

## CLARIN CATHEDRAL FOLDING CHAIRS

### PERFECT FOR OVERFLOW MASSES



Unequalled 10 YEAR GUARANTEE!

Choice of models available—with wood seat and upholstered kneeler, or completely upholstered in leatherette; for sanctuary use, beautifully upholstered in red mohair with gold finished frame.



**CLARIN**

**MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

Dept. 21, 4640 W. Harrison St., Chicago 44

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$1.00 per year, in advance, single copy 10¢. Copyright © 1956, a. m. s. inc. Entered as Second Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1893, for mailing at special rates provided for in Part 4—Sec. 526, Act of May 26, 1923, Vol. 35, No. 9.

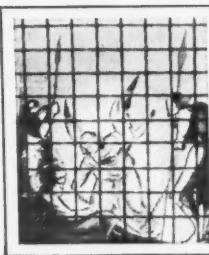
THE SIGN



Those with especially heavy burdens have been comforted by meditating on the example of beloved Saint Rita. Her life story will warm the heart of every reader.



Beloved Mother Cabrini, the modest, diminutive nun, established nearly 100 schools, orphanages and hospitals for the needy.



See Peter's miraculous escape! Arrested and thrown into prison by King Herod, Peter is miraculously freed of his heavy chains by an angel of God and escapes to rejoin his fellow Apostles.



Join Father Isaac Jogues and other brave Jesuit missionaries on their perilous journeys through the wilderness to spread Catholicism in the New World.



See St. Michael the Archangel battle Satan and the wicked angels who revolted against God.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW BOOK FOR EVERY CATHOLIC HOME

# The Lives of Saints

Selected by Father Thomas Plassmann, O. F. M.,

Editorial Supervision by Father Joseph Vann, O. F. M.

VIVIDLY RETOLD AND ILLUSTRATED  
IN GLORIOUS FULL COLORS!

HERE in one big book are the inspiring lives of many beloved Saints, including very likely your Patron Saint, retold in vivid stories and illustrated with art masterpieces by the world's great painters . . . Rembrandt, Raphael, Dore, etc.

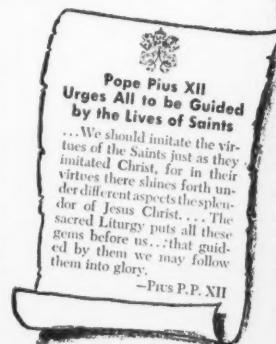
These magnificent paintings—worth thousands of dollars in the originals—are reproduced on Art Paper in all their radiant full colors! Each portrays a great Saint at some crucial moment in his life. They range all the way from St. Michael the Archangel to our most recently canonized Saint Pius X.

#### Dramatic Accounts Make You a Living Part of Their Lives

The very moment you open this book, you're swept into the glorious past. You join hands with our holy Saints and Martyrs, and share in their experiences.

You explore the catacombs of Rome with St. Jerome, studying inscriptions on the tombs of early martyrs.

You sail across choppy seas with St. Augustine and bring Christianity to pagan England.



Pope Pius XII  
Urges All to be Guided  
by the Lives of Saints

...We should imitate the virtues of the Saints just as they imitated Christ, for in their virtues there shines forth under the sacred Liturgy puts all these gems before us . . . that guide them into glory.

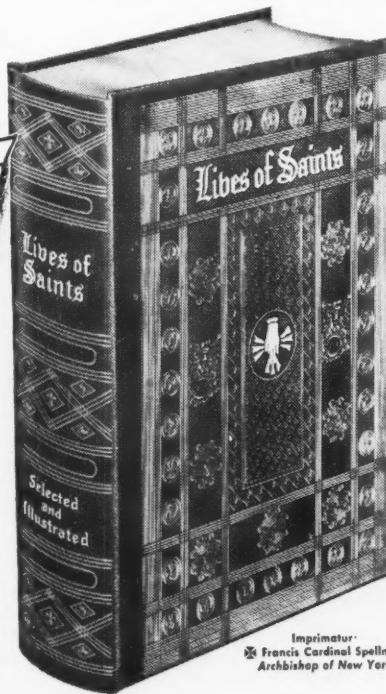
—Pius P. XII

You see the firmly locked iron gates of a defiant king's castle miraculously open as St. Columba makes the Sign of the Cross.

You join eager throngs in Padua, listening to St. Anthony preach the love of God.

You study actual testimony in trial of St. Joan of Arc . . . later you move your lips in silent prayer as she is infamously burned.

You are there! Yes, you feel you are an eye-witness to many experiences of God's Saints.



Imprimatur:  
Francis Cardinal Spellman  
Archbishop of New York



See Saint Pius in marvelous full-color painting portraying miraculous cure of a nun after doctors had given up all hope for her.



With his eyes fixed on the crucifix, Saint Francis Xavier prays to God just before his death on a desolate island off the Chino coast. Famous for his great missionary work in the Orient, St. Francis converted thousands of heathens to the Christian faith.

## Exclusive Feature!

### WRITINGS OF THE SAINTS

Selected excerpts from writings and letters of many Saints—words of faith which have lived through the ages—are included in your book! Yes, the voices of our Saints may be silent today . . . but their living words carry on, to inspire us with courage and fortitude!

It's indeed a magnificent volume. There are not enough superlatives to describe it: I know that it will remain a source of inspiration and love in our family for all the years to come.

—Mrs. D.G.N., New Mexico.

"Excerpts from the different Saints' writings are first hand inspiration. The whole book shows good taste."

—D.S., Conn.

"It is just beautiful! The stories are deeply inspiring and moving. A magnificent book!"

—M.K., Maple Heights, Ohio.

## FREE-TRIAL COUPON

Fold, Tear Off and  
Mail TODAY

NEVER SOLD THROUGH  
BOOK CLUBS OR  
CANVASSERS.



John J. CRAWLEY & CO., Inc., 37 W. 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y.  
Illustrated at only \$5.95 a month, plus mailing cost. I may return it and pay nothing at all.  
PRINT: \_\_\_\_\_  
NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY: \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE: \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_  
ENCLOSURE:  we enclose payment if you Full shipping and handling fees.  we enclose a return box.  we enclose a return box for RE-16.

"LIVES OF SAINTS" with all \$5.95  
These Special Features for only COMPLETE

Send No Money—Pay \$1 Monthly

Imagine . . . the Calendar of Saints and appendix showing all feasts celebrated on any day of the Church year . . . giving valuable information about our best known Saints.

Imagine . . . nearly 600 pages of vivid stories with 48 full color art treasures and bound in genuine Artcraft which recreates a priceless rare 15th century binding!

Imagine . . . 24-Karat Gold page tops . . . the symbol of All Saints inlaid in gold on the cover, fascinating illustrations and descriptions of Symbols used to identify many Saints . . . Magnificent "church window" end papers in full colors . . . and many other features. Mail FREE-Trial Coupon TODAY!

Copyright 1956, JOHN J. CRAWLEY & CO., Inc., 37 W. 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.  
In Canada, order from McAlpin & Co., Ltd., Toronto 5, Canada.

tion for  
y issue  
itorial  
ng the  
generally  
brave  
re you  
In the  
mediated  
ic los-  
e Mid-

HOPKINS  
PRESIDENT  
EAST

an been  
ing to  
eshing  
itation  
, your  
Forth-  
sponsi-  
umb to  
intrance-  
ssor."  
I ex-  
and  
AKSOUD  
OLLIGUE

to ex-  
the Jew-  
historic  
I that  
only  
lience.  
I was  
I edi-  
atten-  
M.D.

man to  
abs so  
coun-  
m, no  
uncun-

fiddle  
o-year  
justice  
o the  
most

DUNNE

some-  
ce in

nd, and  
sheer-  
s. 25c.  
Entered  
March 3,  
postage  
1925.

IGN

# For Your Summer THE SIGN VACATION why not join the TOUR of the WEST

**July 15th to July 29th**

\* \* \* \* \*

**Grand Canyon of Arizona**  
**Los Angeles — San Francisco**  
**Yosemite National Park**  
**Portland, Ore. — Seattle, Wash.**  
**Rainier National Park**  
**The Great Southwest**  
**California — Oregon Cascades**  
**Montana Rockies**

For the 5th successive Summer the "Tour of the West" will be operated from Chicago back to Chicago for Readers of "The Sign" and their friends.

An ideal two weeks—care free—all expense tour thru the West under guidance of experienced escort.

You will be assured a wonderful time, and the most for the money of any tour you can plan.

**For descriptive folder  
"Tour of the West" address**

## THE SIGN

Monastery Place      Union City, N. J.

## CAMP ST. JOHN'S

A LAKESIDE MOUNTAIN CAMP

Boys 6-16. 2300 ft. alt. Sandy beach on Hunter Lake, 100 mi. from N.Y.C. Modern buildings. Lavatory in each cabin. Hot showers. Artesian well. Excellent meals. Diversified activities—recreational, instructional. Mature professional staff. Result Chaplain, Yale Univ., A.A., New Haven, Conn., or tel. Orange 7-7007 (N.Y.C.), Valley Stream 5-1888 (L.I.). Directors: Rev. Herbert J. McElroy, Robert Gengenbach.

## TEGAWITHA CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS

On the sunny top of the Poconos, 800 acres on private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dancing, dramatics, crafts. Junior and Senior groups. Private chapel on grounds. 39th year.

Directors:

Mrs. James P. Lynch and Mrs. William M. Lynch  
Catalog: Camp Tegawitha, Box S, Tobyhanna, Pa.

# POCONO

VACATION or HONEYMOON  
MOUNT AIRY LODGE has EVERYTHING

Main Lodge on 160 acre estate. 60 Deluxe Cabanas Cottages with television & private bath. Dancing and Entertainment Nitely in Beautiful "Club Suzanne." Adjoining estate of Villa of Our Lady of Poconos. Seasonal Sports OPEN ALL YEAR.  
Vacationers Bkfst. V--Honeymooners Bkfst. B

**Mount Airy Lodge**  
MOUNT POCONO 29, PA.  
Phone: Mt. Pocono 3551  
Cath. Owner-Mgmt.

**MADONNA VEILS**  
In plastic case, carry  
in your purse  
Wear when visiting the  
Blessed Sacrament  
Price \$1.00 p.p.  
P. O. Box 1422, Zone 14,  
Sta. H, Buffalo 17, N. Y.

the United States. Your recent editorial . . . was reassuring that America still is fertile with men who regard ethical principles and uphold international justice and yet have the moral courage to utter it aloud.

GEORGE JAAMES  
ELLIS S. STEVENS  
SELINO NIGAIME

TORRINGTON, CONN.

The recent censure of Israel makes your courageous January editorial stand out more than ever about the truth of the Arab-Israel dispute. . . .

MR. A. J. SHEEKEY  
UNION CITY, N. J.

. . . The editorial on "Israel and the Arabs" is very interesting and enlightening.

MISS MARGARET MCRAE  
LA CANADA, CALIF.

I was glad to hear of your stand that we should not make any unnecessary enemies or get into trouble because of the Israel question. I feel the same way.

ROY E. MILLER  
WEST ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

"The earth is the Lord's" and long ago God promised the Land of Canaan, now called Palestine, to the children of Israel for a permanent home. . . .

MRS. M. SORENSEN  
LAKWOOD, CALIF.

## THE CROSS

In reference to the very beautiful and thought-provoking article on the wisdom of the cross by Bertrand Weaver, C. P. (February, p. 35) I would like to add this suggestion. . . . The minority of us possibly become discouraged by too much thinking on the terribleness of the cross and too little on the love and beauty of it.

. . . I think it might have been well to add that in following Christ we should remember that by His example He seems to have said . . . that grievous suffering is only a part of our life to be used joyfully as a means of showing our love for and gratitude to Christ for what He did for us. . . .

GEORGIA MOCK  
HOUSTON, TEXAS

I would like to commend THE SIGN for the excellent article by Rev. Bertrand Weaver. This clear, concise article is the kind of spiritual food we all need, and I hope we get more.

GEORGE F. VINCENT  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

. . . With first sight of the illustration accompanying Father Weaver's "Answer," all else in the issue fades into nothingness. . . .

It would seem closer to truth to speak of it as a challenge to Father's ability to portray in the black and white of the printed word the resignation to violence, acceptance of insult, and display of unbounded love portrayed in the light and shadow of the picture.

STEPHEN KUHARICK  
PHILA., PA.

. . . For once someone has printed a picture that really makes one begin to

realize what really happened to Our Lord. . . .

EDWARD P. SWEENEY  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

. . . Nowhere can I recall having seen man's inhumanity to man portrayed in so jarring a manner. The thorns, indeed, must not have been neatly arranged, must not have been painted on; the welts of the scourging more than dabs of color; the expression of desolation proof of the rending of spirit which must have occurred just prior to the aspiration, "It is finished. . . . a forceful reminder of the price of our redemption.

PAUL HENDERSON  
HARRISBURG, PA.

. . . The picture is so true to death(!) that it can almost be classed as a photograph. . . .

FRED LEIMKE  
BALTIMORE, MD.

. . . This picture is the first I've seen that expresses what I've always tried to picture in my own mind as the true picture of the Cross.

MRS. ANNA NICHOLS  
HUDSON FALLS, N. Y.

. . . I wonder if it would be possible to have a print of that picture, and if so, how I should go about obtaining it.

SISTER AGNES MARY, S.L.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

. . . I would like very much to obtain a colored print of this photo if possible. . . .

REGINALD CATHCART  
NEW WATERFORD, N.S., CANADA

Gruenwald's CRUCIFIXION, in size 8 x 8" at 50¢ net and in size 37 x 28" at \$36 list, can be obtained from the New York Graphic Society, 95 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

## COVER RECOVERED

The adverse comments on Mr. Ross' cover illustration (February, p. 1), made by several of your readers in the February issue of THE SIGN, were not surprising in the least. I fully expected them. One only has to glance at the insipid, mottled statuary in many of our churches to know what appreciation of art many of our Catholic brethren possess. . . .

Personally, I would like to see more work of Alex Ross and of other artists of similarly high caliber in future issues of your magazine.

BRYANT A. LANGMUIR  
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

. . . If people would really look at the cover with sincerity, I think they would see great beauty in Our Lady and not "ugly features." The Holy Family depicted on your cover look like real people, not like the manikins we see in store windows.

It was heartwarming to see the Holy Spirit playing a major part in the painting. . . . The Christ Child was perhaps one of the best my eighteen years have seen.

God bless Alex Ross and may he con-

(Continued on page 76)

APRIL

1956



VOL. 35 NO. 9

# The Sign®

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

EDITOR

Rev. Ralph Gorman, C.P.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Rev. Damian Reid, C.P.  
Rev. Jeremiah Kennedy, C.P.  
Dennis Howard

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

John C. O'Brien	Washington
Jerry Cotter	Drama
Red Smith	Sports
Katherine Burton	Women's Interests
Rev. Aloysius McDonough, C.P.	Sign Post
John Lester	Radio and TV
Clifford Laube	Poetry

ART DIRECTOR

Frank Rossi

BUSINESS — CIRCULATION

Rev. Donald Nealis, C.P.	Business Manager
William C. Reilly	Promotion Director
Frank R. Magnin	Advertising Manager

FIELD REPRESENTATIVES

Rev. Pius Trevoy, C.P.	Director
Rev. Austin Busby, C.P.	
Rev. Brian Mahedy, C.P.	

MISSION DEPARTMENT

Rev. Harold Paletti, C.P.	Procurator
---------------------------	------------

ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO  
THE SIGN

Monastery Place Union City, N. J.

ADVERTISING and subscription inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on request.

EDITORIAL Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. Manuscripts accepted are paid for at that time without regard to publication date.

THE SIGN is owned, edited, and published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers (Legal Title: Passionist Missions, Inc.) Copyright © 1956. Written permission of the editor must be obtained for reproducing any portion of the contents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$3.00 per year, two years for \$5.00 in the U. S., its possessions, and Canada; all other countries, \$3.50 per year, two years, \$6.00. Checks or money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. Orders for renewals or changes of address should be received at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should be given. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Entered as Second-Class matter September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Part 4, Sec. 53B, Act of May 28, 1925.



## ARTICLES

### THE AMERICAN SCENE

I WAS A POLICE DETECTIVE . . . . . Lieut. James M. Sloan 11  
SCHOOL BELL FOR DIPLOMATS . . . . . John C. O'Brien 22

### THE WORLD SCENE

CANTERBURY TO ROME . . . . . Douglas Hyde 15  
SOPHIA UNIVERSITY . . . . . A Sign Picture Story 18  
NEW DIMENSION IN EDUCATION . . . . . Adolph Schalk 25

### VARIOUS

THE CROSS AND ACHIEVEMENT . . . . . Bertrand Weaver, C. P. 33  
THE FACE OF CHILDHOOD . . . . . A Sign Picture Story 46  
WHO'S AFRAID OF OLD AGE . . . . . Milton Lomask 54  
HOW TO HANDLE YOUR NERVES . . . . . Joseph D. Wassersug, M. D. 61

### SHORT STORIES

IN THIS CORNER, DR. DOMINION . . . . . Myles Connolly 28  
OF LONG AGO . . . . . John Cunningham 40

### EDITORIALS

PEACE IN THE NEAR EAST . . . . . Ralph Gorman, C. P. 6  
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT . . . . . 7

### ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE AND SCREEN . . . . . Jerry Cotter 35  
RADIO AND TELEVISION . . . . . John Lester 51

### FEATURES

LETTERS . . . . . 2  
REGINA—Poem . . . . . Eleanor M. Richards 24  
PEOPLE . . . . . 38  
WOMAN TO WOMAN . . . . . Katherine Burton 50  
SIGN POST . . . . . Aloysius McDonough, C. P. 58  
SONS OF THE RESURRECTION . . . . . Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. 63  
HOW SMITH PICKS THEM . . . . . Red Smith 64  
BOOKS . . . . . 66  
COVER PHOTO BY EDWARD WALLOWITCH

## Peace in the Near East

WE'RE back again this month on the subject of Israel and the Arabs. It is easily one of the most important issues facing us today. There is a very real danger that the Near East may be lost to the West. This would be a calamity as great as the loss of China. And American public opinion is as ill-informed today on the situation in the Near East as it was a few years ago on the Chinese "agrarian reformers" who swept 400,000,000 people behind the Bamboo Curtain.

The catastrophe in Asia was caused by a mixture of ignorance, ineptness, and subversion. The calamity in the Near East, if it comes, will be the result of "politics" in the worst sense of the word. And in a Presidential election year the danger is doubled.

Those parts of former President Truman's Memoirs which deal with the birth of Israel reveal high-pressure maneuverings, shameless threats, and craven political cowardice. It is the story of a small but closely knit racial and religious minority using every resource of financial and political power to force the U.S. into a course of action contrary to justice and American interests. The Zionists were so blind and callous that they were willing to shed American blood to secure their ends. In Truman's own words: "Top Jewish leaders were putting all sorts of pressure on me to commit American power and forces on behalf of the Jewish aspirations in Palestine."

Truman didn't go that far, but he did sacrifice American interests in the Near East for a mess of political pottage. After a few shaky attempts at resistance, he went right down the line with the Zionists. Eleven minutes after the Israelis had proclaimed their new State, Mr. Truman rushed in indecent haste to grant it recognition.

Now things are not going so well for the Zionists. Red satellite states are supplying arms to the Arabs. The Israelis are clamoring for arms from the U.S. The whole business would be humorous were it not so tragic. The Israelis beat the Arabs in 1948 with arms supplied largely by the Red bloc.

Israel's requests for help have been meeting a rather cool reception from Secretary of State Dulles. His attitude is that even if the U.S. supplied the

million and a half Israelis with weapons they would hardly be a match for 40,000,000 Arabs armed by the Reds. He politely suggests that Israel rely on the U.N. which created it. He has declared firmly that, in the Near East, "It is the determination of this Administration to deal in a manner that is best for the United States." In other words, he doesn't intend to sacrifice American interests for political advantages. He is unwilling, for a few votes, to risk losing to the Reds this area so rich in oil and of such strategic importance to the West.

Now is the time for the Israelis to take stock of the situation. Unless they are willing to take the tragic step of provoking a preventive war, they should realize that time is on the side of the Arabs who outnumber them thirty to one. Israel cannot go on indefinitely spending its money on arms and living off foreign bounty. It cannot always expect to find American politicians willing to pull its chestnuts out of the fire.

The Israelis constantly proclaim their willingness to sit down with the Arabs and talk peace. And then in the same breath they add that they will make no concessions.

PEACE can't be had that cheaply, especially in view of the awful wrongs that have been inflicted on the Arabs. There can be no peace unless the Israelis consent to repatriation of refugees who wish to return to their homes, with compensation for those who don't, territorial adjustments in favor of the Arabs, internationalization of the Jerusalem area, and renunciation of all aggressive and expansionist policies.

We are nearing a point where decisions have to be made in our attitude to Israel. American Zionists have declared war on Secretary Dulles and President Eisenhower because they have refused to dance to an Israeli tune. We hope the Administration has the courage to continue its resistance.

*Father Ralph Gorman, CP*

# CURRENT



# FACT AND COMMENT

## EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

When President Eisenhower asked for a study of stand-by powers to control consumer credit, few voices were raised in favor of his proposal. His own Secretary of Treasury dashed a liberal share of cold water on the scheme. The reasons for the adverse reaction are not hard to understand. Direct economic controls are never very popular.

**Controlled Credit  
for the Buyer**  
When a government regulation causes some slackening in industry, it presents an immediate and inviting target. Who, for example, would welcome the task of putting the brakes on automobile sales?

Yet, is the automobile industry better off as a result of its selling orgy in 1955? Not only did it oversell to the point that layoffs and part-time work became necessary in 1956, but it also created intense bitterness among its dealers. As a result, it had to modify traditional dealer relationships in order to head off federal regulation.

Moreover, when signs of inflation began to multiply in 1955, the Federal Reserve was compelled to tighten credit. This meant that producers and consumers had to scramble for funds. The innocent and guilty suffered alike. Industries with excess capacity felt the brake just as much as those which were contributing to inflation.

But the major culprit, installment credit, was hardly touched. Installment loans had gone up 700 per cent in nine years, a hefty increase by any yardstick. Terms were becoming ridiculously slack. Consumers were getting beyond their depth in credit buying, to say nothing of the ninety billion home mortgage debt outstanding.

Our whole philosophy of credit control is based on the theory that business should not be allowed to commit suicide. When our economy reaches its peak, further demand only churns

up prices and causes economic disruption. It is at this stage that the Federal Reserve applies its credit brakes. But this type of control is not very selective.

**Scattershot  
or Selective**  
It can curb runaway installment credit only at the cost of restricting some legitimate business borrowing.

It would seem much more sensible to allow for more selective credit control. We can hold back on mortgage funds when building is getting out of hand. But there is no direct method for putting up warning signals on other consumer credit. Why not attack the real source of the trouble, instead of holding everyone back indiscriminately?

Granted that federal controls are undesirable, is the alternative any better? We have fully accepted the theory that our central banking system should regulate credit. Even the most mossbacked reactionary would not advocate a return to the "good old days" in this respect. Once we accept the principle of control, it seems logical to make our tools more accurate.

This is not government paternalism aimed at preventing



*United Press*  
Carrying crucifix, these hooded "Black Penitents" hold annual Holy Week procession in Perpignan, France. With all Christians, they look beyond the sorrow of Good Friday to the joy of Christ's Resurrection



*Religious News*

This striking statue of Christ the King stands on mountain near El Paso, Texas. Recently, some 20,000 youths from El Paso Diocese made a pilgrimage to the spot to pray for world peace



*Associated Press*

First official photo of Army's Redstone rocket points up race for the "ultimate weapon." Missiles demand clarification of their morality by theologians

*United Press*



Anti-malaria worker marks progress in tiny Costa Rican village. Program is typical of U.N.-aided projects promoting world health

Faithful ascending the Scala Sancta, traditionally believed to have been used by Christ during Passion, relive first Holy Week

people from suffering the results of their own folly. We do not believe that an all-wise government should tell people what to buy. But we can rightly be concerned over the total impact of a number of such decisions. When an over-stimulated buying wave threatens inflation and a boom-and-bust cycle, then it becomes a matter of public interest.

A full-fledged depression is the greatest economic tragedy we can face. We do not want a repetition of conditions of the Nineteen-Thirties. If further controls on credit can prevent this, we should be prepared to pay this small price.

The State Supreme Court is attempting to halt the increasing trend toward casual mating and divorcing in New Jersey. On February 22, the Court received a program framed by its

**New Jersey Ponders Marriage**  
six-man Committee on [marital] Reconciliation. The over-all spirit of this program should have the approval of everybody except gold-diggers, subversives,

and atheists. The program would have the effect of impressing on prospective spouses the seriousness of the marriage business which they plan to enter. It would offer a counseling service to help them adjust conflicts which are normal to the specialized society of man and wife.

It would set in action the healing power of association and discussion before the odious legal severance of divorce would disrupt all interest in reconciliation. It would guarantee that the defendant in an uncontested divorce suit would actually hear the case against him, instead of playing a round of golf in Florida while his marriage is being legally smashed in Jersey.

The Committee offers a uniform state-wide text to be used in civil marriage ceremonies. This text commemorates the basic nature of marriage and adds a religious touch which is satisfactorily nonsectarian. Reading from the text, the official says to the couple: "It is my duty to remind you of the seriousness with which the laws of God and of this state have always regarded the step which you are about to take."

He then proceeds to warn of the trials which might face them, of the tolerance which is necessary for success, and of the rewards in personality development which await those who accept marriage in a mature frame of mind.

None of these procedures would erase divorce from the current mores of the citizenry of New Jersey. But they would force the real idea of marriage to strike the minds of its practitioners with greater impact.

In many cases, they would carry marriage over such hazards as its being mistaken for a gay experiment to be accepted as lightly as a dinner-date, or for a capricious companionship which can be destroyed in a fit of temper and then as tentatively re-established with another spouse, or as an isolated combine whose success or failure affects nobody but the two contracting parties.

In all, it is an excellent program and should help notably to reduce the alarming number of what the Committee calls "supermarket" marriages.

But, as we warned, it will bring no comfort to marathon gold-diggers, to subversives who thrive on social unrest, of

#### "Supermarket" Wedlock



United Press



Religious News

This 35-foot trailer serves these California school children for religious instruction. Trailer was solution to problem of teaching released time students in spread-out parish



United Press

These Connecticut men provide an object lesson on how best to "get away from it all." They chose a retreat at Passionist retreat house in Farmington, Conn. That beats even a weekend in Florida

which divorce is both a symptom and a cause, or to atheists who bridle at any implication that somebody (the Committee calls Him God) designed human beings and set up production methods and standards for them just as somebody (like General Motors or Ford) must do for automobiles.

Everybody knows that the decisive factor in racial integration in the South will be the attitude of the white Southerner's heart. Fewer realize that this attitude of heart is not subject

to abrupt stoppage or abrupt reversal. Many whites in the South have grown into their racial opinions innocently, having absorbed them uncritically from

the time they were children. Upon these notions they have built the whole fabric of their society and their self-respect.

They do not dislike Negroes. But they expect the Negro to keep his place, which happens to be an inferior place—separated from and less delectable than that occupied by white society.

Thus, the Negro finds Jim Crow accommodations for eating, for lodging, for learning, for traveling, for lavatory purposes. In many cases, even for worshiping God. One thing he may not do: he may not step out of his place. If he does, his act is interpreted as saying: "I am as good as you, whites"—which, to many Southern whites, is a mortal affront.

This testy attitude obsesses many Southern whites who realize the injustice of it and desire to correct it. But, unfortunately, a man cannot flip a switch and extinguish the lifetime pattern of feeling which tradition and practice have built up in him. It takes time to do that. It takes much virtue.

He must begin by making the adjustment consciously and with groaning of spirit. Gradually, he will be able to manage it spontaneously. But, in the interval, there will be failures and discouragement, as there must be in the normal process of acquiring any new virtue or mastering any game.

But the important fact is this: No matter how right his intention may be, the Southern white is a victim of the emotional inertia of human nature. He must be allowed time

for social acceleration. It behooves everybody to be patient with him.

There is, of course, another—and very different—type of white citizen in the South. He may or may not believe that the Negro is naturally inferior. But he is fixed in his determination that Negroes will never acquire equal status with him.

This obstinate fellow will change, too. Not through repentance and an honest attempt to re-channel his thinking, but because Negro-hating will inevitably become less and less fashionable. The example of wiser and better citizens will infect him with social justice and transform him despite himself.

It behooves everyone to be patient with this man, too. Not because he deserves patience, but because the only way he can be brought around is through being silently shamed by the influence and example of his more democratic neighbor. That influence must be given a chance to go to work.

The wiser Negro leaders understand this. They realize how bitter a thing it is to have to swallow one's pride and how much of a struggle it will be for the Southern white to swallow his large dose of it. They can foresee that too blatant pressure will make it harder for the whites who are doing most for them. They realize that a pace too slow for the more eager integrationists is, nevertheless, the fastest pace possible. They know that it is as unrealistic for themselves to want integration to go impossibly fast as it is for reluctant whites to want it to go impossibly slow.

The conflict in the South is a conflict sparked on the one side by social pride and on the other side by social hunger. The white man has more rights than he is entitled to. It will take a lot of humility on his part to give them up. The Negro has less rights than he is entitled to. It will take a lot of patience on his part to wait for them to come to him.

There is no question that the Negro's cause is more just. There is no question, either, that the white man's adjustment is going to be more difficult. Humiliation is more painful than hunger.

Deliberate speed seems the only answer.

## Views in Brief



Border patrolman leads an illegal immigrant to plane for deportation. Border police are constantly on guard against sneak immigrants into U.S.

United Press



San Francisco's Father Matthew Connolly has unique method of promoting better labor-management relations: a monthly buffet luncheon for both unionists and businessmen. Here, he chats with two of his guests

Associated Press



French campaign against excessive drinking has its lighter side. Poster shows ship sinking in bottle of wine and warns: "Don't sink into alcoholism!"

United Press



Chicago disc jockey Al Benson holds copies of Constitution he planned to drop on three Mississippi cities. Meanwhile, Mississippi author William Faulkner counseled caution in approaching integration solution

United Press

**Tolerance.** Archbishop Rummel's recent stand on integration is a reminder to all of us of the need of prayer and charity in facing up to the critical problem of race relations. The Archbishop reminds us that it is "a problem that should be worked out in a spirit of conciliation and with a desire to achieve peace through justice and charity. Prayer and calmness of spirit are much needed in all our hearts." His words remind us that, while we hold onto our principles, we must patiently try to understand the problems of others; that, instead of simply condemning others, we should pray for a solution that conforms to God's will; that, in our own lives, Christian charity is more than mere tolerance.

**Business.** In a recent address to a group of businessmen, Pope Pius XII pointed out to them a temptation, a problem, and an ideal. The temptation: self-interest, improper procedures, illicit profits. The problem: the businessman has the right to hope that "taxes which are too numerous and too heavy will not be imposed and take away an excessive amount of the gains which he deserves." It is important, moreover, that attempts to achieve security do not kill initiative or place such heavy restrictions that his efforts are discouraged. And the ideal: "Freedom of economic activity cannot be justified and endure save on the condition that it serve a higher liberty and be ready to limit itself so that it does not violate superior moral demands."

**What Can Be Done.** To put more emphasis on moral and spiritual values in public schools, Indianapolis schools are stressing the role of religion in the history of the United States. This experiment indicates that religion need not be excluded from public schools from fear of proselytizing. And it gives a truer picture of the United States.

**Trouble in Colombia.** Ever since General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla ousted the Conservative President of our South American neighbor, Colombia, and installed his own military regime, conditions in that country have rapidly deteriorated. Newspapers, both Conservative and Liberal, have been shut down; violent incident has followed upon violent incident—with very little word of any of it reaching the outside world. The most recent incident was the killing of twelve anti-Rojas adherents in a public arena by Rojas' muscle men. Cardinal Luque of Bogota called the incident an "alarming manifestation of social decomposition."

**On Reading.** Never in the history of the world have so many people been observed with their noses buried in books, and never has there been so little reading done. Mr. Frank J. Sheed is credited with that neat little paradox in a recent issue of the *Catholic Telegraph Register*. Sheed defines reading as "enriching your own mind by feeding on minds richer than your own." And that has all but disappeared.

**Bath Tubs vs. Ideas.** With usual fanfare, the United States Information Service and the Advertising Council put on display in the Capital a foreign-bound exhibit on "People's Capitalism" that highlights the material progress made in America since colonial days. We must admit to some reservations about such exhibits. Consider the reaction of the potential audience: a hungry Asian, at the sight of American luxury, might salivate, turn green with envy, or simply apply for an immigrant visa. None of which would help him very much, or us. Communism is an idea. You can't kill it with bath tubs. To do the job, you need a better idea. We've got it. Why don't we use it?

# I WAS A POLICE DETECTIVE

by LIEUTENANT JAMES MICHAEL SLOAN

*A night with Murder, Inc.  
... Babyface and a haunted lady  
... two chunks of metal,  
a woman's intuition, and a murder...  
These are a policeman's memories  
after a life on the force.  
What was the best memory of all?  
Well, I'll tell you...*

A POLICEMAN is asked a lot of questions, some of which are neither here nor there. For instance, the well-dressed, middle-aged woman who used to march into the station house regularly twice a month and always with the same complaint.

"When," she would demand, "are you going to do something about the spirits?"

She was in dead earnest, cold sober, and, as she always reminded us, a taxpayer. The "spirits" were plotting against her. She wanted protection.

It was no good telling her she was nuts. She would only stamp her foot, write a letter to the mayor, and take her business to another precinct. Each time, I'd send her away with the assurance that within minutes her home would be surrounded by a cordon of invisible men.

Off duty, I've been tossed some hot ones too. Some years ago, a neighbor lady, visiting our house for the first time and hearing that I was a member of the New York Police Department, gave my wife one of those between-us-girls looks. It was a look of profound pity.

Then she put it to me straight. "But how?" she asked. "I mean how can you be a policeman these days and a practicing Catholic too?"

## "There's work for a religious man on the force—work that he can do in a religious way"

No, I didn't suggest she mind her own business. The behavior of an officer of the law was her business. It's everybody's business, which is why I would like to tell you some of the things that happened to me. Also some of the things that, significantly enough, did not happen. Also some of the thoughts I've dredged up along the way—thoughts dealing with what a well-known author has called "the plight of the honest cop."

When I retired from the force on August 26, 1954, I had been a policeman for 31 years, 3 months, and 21 days. I spent the first six years in uniform on assigned posts, about half of them on foot, the rest aboard a friendly bay horse called Brenton.

For a quarter of a century I was a detective. Several times, for long intervals, I was attached to the homicide squad. Twice I headed a borough racket squad, once in Brooklyn and once in Manhattan.

You can imagine the sort of company I kept.

I can remember shoving through a crowded Brooklyn nitery one summer evening and tapping Albert Anastasia on the shoulder.

Anastasia needs no introduction. At the moment, he is a guest of Uncle Sam, serving a one-year sentence for income tax evasion. It goes without saying that Uncle Sam would like to have kept him in hock longer, but what with key witnesses disappearing at a rapid rate, the one-year session was the best that could be arranged.

In my day, Anastasia was the boss of Murder, Inc., an efficient Brooklyn enterprise credited with some sixty-seven killings. When he felt my hand on his shoulder that sweltering summer evening, Anastasia swung into a familiar patter.

"So it's you, Sloan," he said. "What now?"

I mentioned some recent ruckuses, all glaringly labeled "Murder, Inc."

"Sorry to be a killjoy," said Anastasia, "but I know nothing about them."

"No one says you do. But the boys at the station house would like to savor your opinions."

Anastasia grinned. "It's customary on these occasions," he said, "to flash a warrant."

I flashed one. When Anastasia saw the charge, he chuckled. At court, flanked by his attorneys, he chuckled again. The presiding magistrate sighed. He had to agree with the lawyers that a man carrying \$14,000 in cash in his

pockets can't be held indefinitely on a charge of vagrancy.

I remember too my first encounter with a young man who, two decades and one murder later, was to end his career in the electric chair. His name: Calman Cooper, recently executed along with two associates for the murder of a *Readers' Digest* messenger.

Calman Cooper's first major run-in with the law occurred in 1934. Let's call it "The Case of the Missing Gun"—a case that is still described to New York police rookies as an example of the importance of evidence.

There is an old saying about investigative work. In the early days, I often heard it on the lips of the late Inspector John J. McGowan, one of my first chiefs and teachers and, for my money, one of the great investigators of all time.

"Boys," McGowan used to say, "to bring the right man into court, you need only two things: hard work and luck."

In the beginning, the "case of the missing gun" was all hard work.

The opening scene took place on a quiet Brooklyn street in front of the Columbia Smelting and Refining Works. The time, early morning of February 24, 1934. The weather, chilly.

Lying on the cold ground was Columbia's night watchman. His ankles were bound, his arms tied to his back. After this had been done to him, it was obvious, another man had stood over him with a gun. The old watchman had been killed needlessly and in cold blood.

The outlines of the crime filled in rapidly. The motive was theft. A truck belonging to the Columbia company was found abandoned on the outskirts of the Bronx. Its cargo, \$13,000 worth of metal, was gone. Other facts, brought out by questioning, showed that the murder-robbery had been carefully planned.

And there was one thing more. Examining the murder area, I noticed a dull gleam in the grass. Actually two gleams—two little pieces of curved metal, the grips of a revolver. No finger-prints on the two pieces; no way, of course, of tracing the gun to which they belonged. Perhaps important. Perhaps not.

Months passed, months of hard work. Inspector—then Captain—McGowan filed the two little pieces of metal away as possible evidence. He was about to file the case itself, under U for Unsolved, when the luck came along.

Perhaps I shouldn't call it luck. Perhaps I should say that the case of the

missing gun was broken by the civic-minded action of a young woman and the quick thinking of Patrolman Nicholas J. Maher, then of New York's forty-seventh precinct.

Walking through a deserted section of the Bronx on the morning of June 2, the young woman noticed a parked truck. Nearby was another vehicle, a passenger car, and two loitering men. Something about the men aroused her suspicions. She did what more people should do under such circumstances. She called the police.

Patrolman Maher was sent out to question the men in a routine way. He got their names: Calman Cooper, twenty-eight, and his brother Morris, twenty-six. He looked at their identification cards and motor registrations. Everything checked. Even so, Patrolman Maher wasn't satisfied.

"Just to protect myself, boys," he said, "I'll take you to the station house. You can talk to an officer there. Then I'm sure everything will be all right."

He let Morris Cooper go ahead in his own car. He took Calman with him in a taxicab. Calman Cooper had the gift of gab. Half-way to the station house, Patrolman Maher was beginning to feel a little foolish. He was even thinking of stopping the cab and calling the whole thing off.

And then Calman Cooper passed a remark.

"I'm ashamed of you, Officer," he said. "Picking a couple of fellows up simply because they're loafing near their truck. After all, this is no murder!"

No murder! Odd thing for the fellow to say! Patrolman Maher's mind flashed back. He remembered the still-unsolved case of the missing gun. There had been a truck in that deal too. Yes, and a murder!

At the station house, Captain McGowan did most of the questioning. He also got in touch with me, gave me the Coopers' addresses, and told me to take a squad of men and see what I could find. At Calman Cooper's apartment we found, among other things—

Two guns. From one of them the grips were missing!

Yes, the two little pieces of metal I had picked up at the scene of the crime fitted perfectly onto Calman Cooper's broken gun.

No problem about tracing the weapon now. A Long Island manufacturer had purchased it for his watchman. One night two men had held up the watchman and taken it from him. Could he identify them? He thought so. Next

ay"

the civi  
an and  
Nicho  
s forty

tion a  
June 22

parked  
icle, a

ed he  
people

es. She

out to  
y. He  
went  
twenty  
cation  
Every  
olman

e said,  
e. You  
n I'm  
."

in his  
ain in  
the gift  
house,  
o feel  
ing of  
whole

a re

e said.  
simply  
truck.

ellow  
ashed  
olved  
been  
muru

Mc  
He  
the  
take  
could  
at we

the

tal I  
crime  
per's

upon  
had

One  
atch-  
d he

Next  
IGN



*During my last six years, my superiors told me: "When you find a kid in trouble, play it your way." And I did*

morning, at the lineup, he picked out Calman Cooper and his brother from among eighteen men.

The parts of the puzzle were falling into place rapidly. And overwhelmingly. In a matter of hours, the Coopers confessed. Subsequently, they were tried and sentenced to twenty years apiece—all because of two little pieces of metal, a woman's intuition, and a policeman's instinct.

Perhaps "instinct" is not the word. What happens over the years is that a policeman's memory becomes a file full of all sorts of tag ends—faces, names, half-remembered addresses, unsolved cases. I've seen this instinct or memory bring some remarkably fast results.

You know, of course, the term *modus operandi*. An experienced crook may leave no fingerprints. There's one thing, however, he's bound to leave; and that's the stamp of his personality, his way of doing things.

One winter in Brooklyn there was a series of small robberies as alike as peas in a pod. Each time a small store was entered—a candy or variety store or a privately owned five-and-ten. Each time the loot was trivial. In one instance, the thief made off with the picture frame containing the first dollar bill ever taken in by the firm. In nearly every instance,

the loot consisted of at least one small trinket or toy.

The work of a child, apparently, or of a man with a childish mind. Some of us inclined to the latter theory because the thefts were effected with some finesse. The "nuisance burglar," as we came to think of him, knew how to jimmy a door lock.

Midway of the winter, a nine-year-old boy was brought in. Someone had seen him near a store which was subsequently reported as robbed. The crime had all the earmarks of the nuisance burglaries. Stolen were half a dozen candles, some loose change—and a trinket.

The boy was a handsome fellow. Call him "Babyface." That describes him. We asked him what he'd been doing at the time of the robbery. Through the nice people with whom he lived, a maternal aunt and her husband, we learned that his story added up.

Well—almost added up. Actually, when we sent Babyface home, there was an irksome question in our minds.

After that, whenever one of the nuisance robberies occurred, we'd have Babyface in for a chat. Boy-like he relished the excitement of these sessions.

"What's the matter with you bums," he'd say. "Haven't you any real crooks to chase? How come every time anything

happens in the neighborhood, you call me in? You like my company maybe?"

No "maybe" to it. We did. We liked it so much that we fervently hoped that what we all partly suspected was untrue.

Then one spring morning came a series of events, rapid-fire style. A young mother called. She was the wife of an executive of the Dutch airlines. That morning, with her two-and-one-half-year-old daughter Marion, she had gone shopping in a Brooklyn haberdashery. While Mama was in the store, little Marion had remained out front.

Coming out after a few minutes, Mama was disturbed to find Marion gone. She assumed, of course, that the child had strayed a little. She walked to one intersection, back to another. She broadened her search, walking far up street and far back. For half an hour she searched. Then she called us.

Only a short time before we had sent to the courts and the courts had sent to the electric chair a man who had cruelly murdered a little girl. There had been other child-murders in the area that year. So even though two-and-one-half-year-old Marion had been missing only a half hour, we went into action fast and on a massive scale.

I went first to the child's home and talked to the mother. Then I asked

headquarters for help, for lots of help.

An hour later, a patrolman found the girl. She had been locked in the incinerator trap on top of a six-floor apartment building near her home. She was frightened, but a medical examination, ordered immediately, showed no physical harm.

There were thirty-two apartments in the building. We knocked at every door. Had the resident seen any strangers in or around the building—a man, perhaps, with a small girl?

No one had. Two women, however, remembered seeing a boy dawdling through one of the corridors. Their descriptions, as sometimes happens, were at variance. A tall boy, said one. Short, said the other. "Freckled and blond, I believe," was one version. "On the dark side," was the other.

We might never have got anywhere with that lead, only just then a patrolman who had been going through some neighboring buildings hustled in with a report. Only an hour or so earlier, an apartment had been broken into.

"And what was taken?"

"A lady's pocketbook mostly."

"Mostly?"

"Well, funny thing. Whoever did it grabbed a little statue that was standing on the table there."

A little statue. A trinket. The nuisance robber!

Frankly, we were all heavy-hearted when Babyface, on our invitation, visited the station house that day. By now, of course, Babyface was used to us. He had the cops-and-robbers lingo pat.

"I got an alibi!" were his first words.

"What for?" I asked.

"Why for . . . ?" Babyface clapped a hand to his mouth. "Oh no, you don't," he said, shaking his head.

We told him what had happened. We asked him what he had been doing all morning. "Working at the real estate store," he said, naming the owner. "See!" and he pulled a dollar bill out of his pocket.

We were relieved. The kid must be telling the truth. At the age of nine, he'd have to work all morning to be worth a dollar.

We were wrong. The real estate man was like ourselves. He was a fall guy for that charming youngster. He'd given Babyface one dollar for working one-half hour—ending at 9:30 that morning. Babyface had had all morning in which to . . . !

In which, as it turned out, to kidnap a little girl for no good reason except that "things like that happen on the television" and to steal a lady's pocketbook containing some change—and a trinket!

The time had come to send Babyface, the nuisance burglar, to the juvenile branch of New York's Domestic Relations Court.

One thought comforted us. New York's juvenile court judges—men like Judge J. Walton McClancy and former Judge John Mulholland—are eminently suited for their delicate work. They'd know what to do for Babyface.

They did. At present, as far as I know, the little fellow is in upstate New York receiving some psychiatric attention that all of us are earnestly praying will straighten him out.

A memorable case. But then, shucks, they all were. I hope I've told you enough to underscore a few little thoughts. Mind you, there's a label on each of these notions. The label reads, "one policeman's opinion only."

My thoughts, of course, have to do

Calman Cooper. I could mention round dozen more—bad eggs and their political associates. Men of this stamp think nothing of buying another man. It's their way of doing business. But during my years on the force, none of them ever tried to buy me.

Why? Your guess is as good as mine. Mine is that no one is going to compromise himself by making an improper proposition to a police officer unless the officer first gives some indication that "Barkis is willin'."

There's another way that religion helps. A policeman sees a lot of the seamy side of life. Where, outside of his religion, is a man to find the strength to face it and keep his balance? In my own case, I was always grateful for the presence of four steady influences. The greatest of these was the Faith itself. The others were an attractive lady who was Miss Mabel Agnes Malloy before I persuaded her to become Mrs. Sloan in 1927, our daughter Sally Jane, seventeen, and our son James, fourteen.

During my last six years on the force I worked out of the Bayside precinct station in that part of Queens where Little Neck Bay ducks southward from Long Island Sound. All through this period, my superiors gave me a pretty free hand with the younger set.

"You've been around, Sloan," one of them told me. "When you find a kid in trouble, especially if he's a Catholic kid, play it your way. Try straightening him out if you care to, before bringing him to court."

My way of playing it, nine times out of ten, was to take the youngster around to Immaculate Conception, the Passionist monastery, in nearby Jamaica. There I'd turn him, or her, over to the Very Rev. Cornelius McArdle, the rector, or to Father Bernardine Gorman, or to Father Lambert Missack.

I've seen remarkable things happen in the course of these conferences. I've seen boys turned around who'd been going so pell-mell in the opposite direction that you wondered if anything could ever change them. I've seen the priests reach into their homes and get at the thing that was wrong there. I've seen them, working through the children, persuade parents to correct a marriage or to return to the sacraments.

Yes, there's work for a religious man on the force—work that he can do in a religious way. I like to think of those sessions in the Monastery. They head the host of happy memories that crowd my mind when it travels back over 31-plus years as a member of what some of us still obstinately refer to as "New York's Finest."



Photographs by Jacques Lowe  
"Those Monastery sessions head a host of happy memories"

with the widespread feeling that the life of a policeman is one long battle between the principles of his religion, whatever it is, and an endlessly arising set of glittering temptations.

Take my word for it, it "ain't necessarily so."

None of us is made of steel. Life for most religious people is probably a battle with conscience, but I've never had any reason to believe that a police officer faces any more difficulties than say a banker or a farmer or a garage mechanic.

Trying to live up to his religion doesn't make the going harder for a police officer. Quite the contrary. You've glimpsed the sort of people I often had to deal with. I've mentioned Anastasia,

**The greatest flood of converts since Newman's day is underway in England. The Anglican Church's compromise with doctrine is driving its clergymen to Rome**

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS now I have spent most of my time associating with men who have made a heroic decision. Until recently they were Anglican clergymen. Now, often after years of doubt and conflict with themselves, they have left the ministry which hitherto had been their very life, sacrificed friends, sometimes families too, and, simultaneously, have lost their homes in order to become Catholics.

Every year there are the few who make the big decision, but since last July their number has been much increased. In the last few weeks I have met a dozen of them. They have ranged from such well-known writers as Hugh Ross Williamson to unknown country pastors. But the step they have had to take has been just as big in either case.

At this moment in Britain there are at least a score or more of Anglican clergymen receiving instruction in prepara-

tion for "making their submission to Rome." And among the many more who are still hovering on the brink are men whose names are well known in Anglican circles and whose decision may influence many others. Next May, say some who claim to know, the flow may be still further increased.

The Converts' Aid Society, which helps those who are in distress, says that the number coming to it has more than doubled in the last few months.

And for every clergyman who has come to the Church there are certainly scores of laymen about whom no one but the priest who instructs them ever hears.

The present movement to the Church has been stimulated by the adoption by the Anglican Convocation of Canterbury, meeting at Lambeth Palace last July, of what are called the South India Resolutions. These commit the Angli-



**Convert clergymen.**  
*Above: Hugh Ross Williamson and family. Right: William Walton Hannah*

# CANTERBURY TO ROME

by DOUGLAS HYDE



can Church to limited intercommunion with a pan-Protestant body called the Church of South India, which is a hodge-podge of Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, and others. Anglo-Catholics tend to see South India as an official springboard for Anglican intercommunion with dissenting bodies everywhere.

To many of those men who have since come to the Church, the Convocation's decision was the last straw. For years they had been uneasy about the validity of Anglican orders and therefore about the priesthood which meant so much to them.

One of these was tall, forty-two-year-

even at the highest of Anglican levels.

After resigning his living, he lodged at "Top Meadow," G. K. Chesterton's old home which is now used by the Converts' Aid to house temporarily convert ministers after their reception. Here is how Hannah described to me his own reactions to the adoption of the South India Resolutions:

"A forest of hands shot upward in the vast library of Lambeth Palace last summer, and I, watching from the public seats at the back, realized that those upraised hands meant the end of my career as an Anglican clergyman.

"For this was the decisive vote by

that he had plunged, not only into Peter's barque but into Peter's own city as well. Walton Hannah, unlike some of the others who have come, was unmarried and, due to an unexpected vacancy, found himself within a few weeks of leaving Anglicanism at the Pontifical Beda College for late vocations in Rome.



*Convert Tavernor and family at Middleton-by-Worksworth*

*Chesterton's home. Now temporary home for convert clergymen*

old William Walton Hannah. A member of an old Anglican family, he is, and looks, essentially English. But when he talks there is a trace of an American accent which still underlies the one that Cambridge gave him when he was a divinity student. Years spent as a boy in Ohio, where his father was once a university professor, explain not only his accent but also, I imagine, some of his great energy and drive.

Hannah has a look of puckish defiance about his face, which is accentuated when he jerks forward an aggressive chin. He is a natural fighter. For years he fought for what he believed to be "Catholicism" within the Anglican communion. For years, too, he carried on a private war against the growth of Freemasonry within his church and wrote two books on the question which caused something of a sensation. In one of them he condemned the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher himself, for being a Mason. His main case against Masonry was that it was leading to the steady growth of religious indifferentism

which the Convocation of Canterbury recognized the full validity of the orders conferred by the new Church of South India, that strange child of mixed Protestant parentage.

"The significance of that vote seemed overwhelming. It meant, in effect, that the Church of England had at last made an official admission that Leo XIII was perfectly correct in saying that Anglicans did not mean what the Catholic Church meant by priesthood and that Anglican orders were therefore null and void. The whole Anglo-Catholic position was shot away.

"It cannot be said too often that disillusionment with Anglicanism is no substitute for a true, God-given faith in the Catholic Church. To me, South India was the last straw in a process of realizing where truth and safety really lay. When that vote was taken, I felt as though God were saying to me, 'There you are. I told you so. Now will you be a good fellow, follow your conscience, and take the plunge?'

In fact, he took the plunge and found

"I was changed almost in the twinkling of an eye", he told me, "from a shepherd back into a sheep again. But in the right fold at last." In due course, when his studies are completed, he hopes to become once more a shepherd.

There are others, of course, who, being married, can no longer be among the shepherds. One of these is a man who wishes to remain anonymous. He is sick and has a chronically paralyzed wife and five small children dependent upon him.

There is, too, the Hon. Patrick J. Hepburn-Scott, who was Anglican rector in Lowestoft.

Hepburn-Scott had strong family reasons for staying where he was in his East Anglican rectory. With a sick wife whom he was nursing and who requires all his attention, he needed always to be home-based. But, as so many others are now doing, he took the plunge regardless of what might be the difficulties ahead.

"I had recognized some time back," he told me, "that Rome was truly the

only into  
own city  
some of  
unmar-  
vacancy,  
weeks of  
Pontifical  
in Rome.

Catholic Church and the Church of England in any corporate sense was not. I was held up by my persistent belief in the validity of Anglican Orders, based on theological arguments which seemed to me sound.

"What happened in the end was that I came to see that I was opposing my private and very amateur theological judgment to the formal decision of the Church. I therefore resolved that I must go.

"My wife and I accordingly decided that we would wait for nobody, and as soon as I could put my parochial affairs in order I resigned. But my action was

I knew that this was the end of my ministry. But neither of us made any comment to the other. We just went for a walk together round the big, old garden we loved.

"As we enjoyed its peace, I said 'Are we mad to want to leave all this—the house, the garden, the pleasant life—so soon after coming here?' My wife said nothing. We went indoors again and, responding to the same thought, we both went upstairs to where our three tiny children were sleeping."

Then came the more insidious, haunting thought: "Have we," they asked themselves, "any moral right to end our children's present stable existence, create a situation where we shall have to leave our home and everything with which they are familiar, and make them share with us a very uncertain future as a Catholic family whose father, trained only for the Anglican ministry, has no trade, no profession?"

Clutching at straws, they told themselves: "We will wait and see if the resolutions are rescinded when Convocation meets again in November."

But Francis, their small, four-year-old son, was beginning to notice that although his mother had taught him such practices as the Sign of the Cross and use of holy water, some of his father's parishioners refused to have anything to do with such things. The puzzled questions of a tiny child spotlighted for his parents the irreconcilable divisions within their church. "If even he notices these things, how can we justify our own position?" they asked.

They found they could not in conscience wait until November. So John Tavernor went to see his superior in the nearby town of Chesterfield. The vicar gave him a fair and sympathetic hearing. But he urged that for everyone's sake Tavernor should go as soon as possible.

They began at once to pack their belongings and within a week were out of the parsonage. Right up to within a few hours of their actually leaving, they still did not know if they would have a roof over their heads that night.

Then the Converts' Aid found them temporary lodging two hundred miles away. They had lost all their friends and had raised a barrier between themselves and their families—both Tavernor's father and brother are Anglican clergymen. They knew no Catholics. As an Anglican pastor in a small village, James Tavernor had had no opportunity to visit Catholic churches, nor had his wife. When they went to Mass near their new home in the South of England on the Sunday after their hurried de-

parture from the North, Mrs. Tavernor went to a genuine Catholic service for the first time in her life.

Tavernor was received into the Church by Msgr. Gordon Wheeler at Westminster Cathedral just two weeks later, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. By an odd coincidence Msgr. Wheeler, who has instructed many of the new convert Parsons, was himself, years ago, Anglican vicar of Chesterfield.

**H**UGH Ross Williamson, most famous of the recent converts, used to describe himself as one of Anglicanism's two priest-workers. Although a clergyman, he was famous as a prolific author, historian, playwright, and successful broadcaster. In recent years some of his books have borne a Catholic *imprimatur*. He is the talented son of a Congregational minister. His wife, Margaret, was also a child of the manse; her father was a Methodist minister. In 1935, she captained a British universities athletic team at Budapest. She is a scientist, and assisted with some of the original research on penicillin. She now works for the B.B.C.

Ross Williamson was a successful journalist and Labour politician before he became an Anglican clergyman. Hugh and Margaret became Anglicans together and now, with their two children, they have become Catholics together. "We are absolutely at one," he says.

Now, with his ministry gone, he works full time as a writer again. Within the Anglican communion he was notorious as the most prominent man in the extreme "Papalist" wing of Anglo-Catholicism. Along with Walton Han nah, he led the 2,000-strong Annunciation Group, which might be described as the Anglican clergymen's resistance movement against the South India decisions.

The Group came into being in May, 1951. While the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Salvation Army, and other Nonconformist bodies were holding a joint service in London's Hyde Park, the vicar of the nearby Church of the Annunciation held a "service of affirmation of the Catholic Faith."

From that service grew the Annunciation Group which now organizes so many Anglican clergy in opposition to what they style "pan-Protestantism" in general and the concessions made over South India in particular. Its members are drawn from a wide variety of the

(Continued on page 75)

**DOUGLAS HYDE**, one of the editors of the *Catholic Herald*, is a convert to Catholicism from Communism. He was at one time editor of the *English Daily Worker*.



**Convert clergyman Kenneth Dain  
as theological student at Oxford**

based on what the Church of England became in 1559, not 1955."

Family considerations might well have held back thirty-two-year-old James E. Tavernor, Anglican priest-in-charge at the little Derbyshire village of Middleton-by-Worksworth. For the first time he had his own church, having been appointed only a few months before the July Convocation. He had a wife and three children whose ages ranged from four years down to four months.

Over a meal in London this fair-haired, quiet-spoken, modest young man told me his story. "The evening last July when we heard of the South India decisions," he said, "both my wife and



*John Yonekura, typical student at Tokyo's Sophia University, prepares to serve Mass in college chapel. A convert to the Church recently*



*Student life is rugged at Sophia. Even hot water is a dispensable luxury for morning ablutions*

*Before classes, John and his friends stop for a chat with Rev. Daniel McCoy, S.J., of New York*



A SIGN PICTURE STORY

# SOPHIA UNIVERSITY

*At this Catholic University in Tokyo, Japan,  
students like John Yonekura prepare themselves  
for Christian leadership in a pagan society*

JOHN YONEKURA, 22-year-old senior at Tokyo's Sophia University, leaves school this year laden with hopes—his own hope for a future in which he can meet the challenge of a creative, adult life, and the Church's hope for a Japanese Catholic laity that will provide the leaven of Christian leadership in a predominantly pagan society.

A fervent daily communicant, John is typical of the post-war crop of spirited young converts on whom the future of the Church in Japan depends. John first learned about Catholicism when the Maryknoll Fathers opened a church in his home town of Yokkaichi after the war. Under instruction by Father Edmund L. Ryan, M.M., of Boston, Mass., John's first interest grew into real fervor and he was baptized while still only a sophomore in high school. After graduation, the Jesuits at Sophia took over where Maryknoller Father Ryan had left off and John entered the university to prepare for a teaching career. Competition for jobs is intense among Japanese college graduates, but for John that worry is now over. Degree in hand, he will soon go down to Hiroshima to begin teaching in a new Catholic high school being opened by the Jesuits.

The price of John's Catholic education has come high, both for him and for the Jesuits who operate Sophia University. For John, it has meant dogged perseverance against great odds. For the Jesuits at Sophia, it has meant maintaining the ideal of a Japanese Catholic University through the crises presented by one earthquake and two world wars. Today, that ideal has not only survived but is becoming a reality that will have no little influence on the intellectual life of modern Japan.

*In class, John is a serious student with a B average.  
His goal: teaching*

*At the bulletin board,  
seniors look for future jobs*

*Photographs by Orlando—Three Lions*



**Student life at Sophia is rugged, but there is time for the simpler pleasures**



*Favorite student pastime is dormitory bull session. Any subject goes, except mention of women*

Student life at Sophia is largely a campus affair. About the only outside recreation John enjoys is a movie once or twice a month. Heated bull sessions in the student dormitories are a favorite pastime. Topics range from politics and economics to studies; girls are rarely discussed. Dorm parties are also festive occasions. Sake (rice wine) is served and there is never a dull moment: someone is always singing or performing. Songs are mainly old Japanese and popular American songs with Japanese lyrics. If a student attempts the English lyrics, he usually has had too much sake. Another form of relaxation is the *furo*, the traditional Japanese bath. Twice a week, water is heated almost to boiling point and the students jump in, several at a time, to soak for a half-hour and chew the fat. Aside from these few simple pleasures, the Japanese student takes life seriously, preferring to concentrate on the most important part of his life—his studies.



*The 'furo,' traditional Japanese bath, is a twice-a-week social occasion for boys living in dormitories*

*Like most Sophia students, John takes his studies seriously. In his room, he works on his bachelor's thesis*

air,  
s is  
ses-  
rite  
mics  
rived  
e is  
old  
apa-  
nglish  
ther  
onal  
ated  
p in,  
chew  
ures,  
rring  
f his

r's thesis



# School Bell for Diplomats

Formerly a college degree was enough for a diplomat. Now he gets specialized training at the State Department's Foreign Service Institute

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN



recently assigned to the United States Consulate General in Munich, Germany. A few years ago Guendling would have been shipped off to his post with only the vaguest conception of how to perform the duties he was about to undertake. Probably he would not have been able to detect a phoney passport if he had seen one. He would have been expected to learn the ropes the hard way—in the school of experience.

But Guendling and others slated for service overseas hereafter will bring to their new jobs a know-how acquired through intensive specialized training courses provided by the State Department's recently established school for diplomats—the Foreign Service Institute.

The military services—the Army and the Navy—long ago established war colleges to train promising young officers for the higher command echelons. And few officers have attained star or flag rank without satisfactorily completing studies in these service institutions. But only recently did the State Department get around to similar “in-service training” for its foreign service personnel. In fact, the present full curriculum was offered for the first time in 1954, although the authorizing act had been passed by Congress in 1946.

From a modest beginning, the Institute has grown rapidly. This year it is geared to handle an enrollment of 900 students. Under the direction of Harold B. Hoskins, a businessman with a long association with the State Department

as consultant on the Middle East, a faculty of forty professors and sixty native language tutors has been assembled.

Many of the professors are experienced foreign service officers who had had teaching experience before joining the service; others are experts drawn from other government departments. Occasionally, professors from the country's leading universities are called in to give lectures in their special fields.

The Institute—Hoskins likes to call it the foreign service officers' “alma mater”—is housed in a large, air-conditioned former apartment building, a stone's throw from the State Department building. Living rooms that once echoed the

hilarity of cocktail parties are now lecture rooms filled with foreign service officers of various grades and ages, all taking down the words of the lecturers. Among the students are many wives boning up on the strange language and way of life of some faraway land to which they and their husbands will be journeying a few weeks hence.

No degrees await these students on their graduation day. But upon completion of a course, their work is "evaluated," and the evaluation report becomes a part of their personnel files and is available to Selection Boards when they come up for promotion.

The Institute grew out of the State Department's crying need for foreign service officers properly trained for modern diplomacy. Since the Second World

French and some familiarity with modern European history was reasonably well equipped.

Also, before the Second World War we did not need to concern ourselves directly with that large part of Asia and Africa which constituted dependencies of the great European powers. In those areas we had virtually no interest. But in the last few years these vast colonial possessions have emerged as independent states, and with virtually all of them we have established diplomatic relations. Indeed, some of our most bothersome problems now arise in our dealings with these new and painfully self-conscious nations.

This sudden increase in the number of foreign missions requiring staffs posed an acute problem for the State De-

partment affairs, the language emphasis and requirements in our schools were being lowered and the comparative number of pupils who were becoming proficient in foreign languages was actually on the wane.

So, almost the first task the Institute set its hand to was the recruiting of a corps of native tutors to drill foreign service personnel in their respective languages. Today courses are offered in thirty languages—though not all at the same time—including the "hard" ones—Arabic, Hindi, Russian, Chinese, and Japanese.

Although the Institute's courses of study are designed primarily to equip foreign service officers for the performance of their duties, special courses also are offered for wives.



*Far left:*  
Foreign service  
officers are  
instructed on  
how to de-  
tect false  
passports.  
*Left:* Instructor in Italian.  
Languages are  
extremely im-  
portant for  
diplomats

War the conduct of foreign affairs has become a vastly more exacting task than it was before. Not only are our diplomatic relations more extensive, they are more complex, embracing finance, economics, and national security. To prepare a foreign service officer for the new diplomacy, the Department realized something more than a mere university training in youth was needed.

Until quite recently we maintained important diplomatic contacts with only the major European powers, and with them our problems were relatively simple—commerce and fishing treaties, minor boundary disputes, and the like. For the handling of such affairs a foreign officer with a fair command of

partment. There simply were not enough qualified foreign service officers to go around. Moreover, most of the recruits were coming into the Department from universities, which, with a few exceptions, were not offering courses bearing on the history, cultures, and languages of the new nations with which we now had to deal. To many university graduates the Middle and Far East and Africa were virtually lands unknown.

An overriding handicap was the scarcity of foreign service officers who could express themselves in languages other than English. As Hoskins points out, during the very decade when the United States was headed toward leadership in

It is an axiom in the service that a wife can "make or break" her husband's career. If she can speak the native language, if she understands the policy aims of the United States with respect to the country to which her husband is assigned, she can contribute much to his success. Contrarywise, if through ignorance of the language or the customs of the country she commits one *faux pas* after another, she can destroy her husband's usefulness and seriously impair the prestige of her own land. A slurring remark about the people or the manner of life of the country to which her husband is assigned, carelessly tossed off at a cocktail party, can undo months and years of effort to build goodwill.

With this in mind, the State Department encourages wives to take the same courses as their husbands, including the language, history, and customs of the country in which she and her husband may be called upon to serve. At present forty-five wives are pursuing such studies.

Wives, generally speaking, the Institute has discovered, seem to have greater aptitude for languages than their husbands. Occasionally, it is a wife's proficiency that saves a husband from cancellation of an assignment because of his inability to master quickly the native tongue. In one class last summer, a wife acquired with astonishing ease a speaking knowledge of Japanese, while her husband made scarcely any progress. Nevertheless, confident that the wife would be able to continue the instruction of her husband, his superiors allowed her husband to proceed to his post.

Still another course for wives offers guidance in matters of special interest to the distaff side. A wife about to set up a household in a strange land for the first time is confronted with a host of problems. Can furniture, for example, be bought abroad or must it be shipped in advance from the United States? Is electricity available to operate the refrigerator or ice for an old-fashioned ice-box? What foods must be ordered from home because they are not to be had at the foreign post? Is the milk and the water safe to drink without boiling? Is there an English-speaking school where junior can continue his education or must mother give him private tutoring? What niceties of etiquette and protocol peculiar to the locale need to be observed in official entertaining?

Between the time he enters the foreign service and the time when he is considered sufficiently seasoned for an appointment to an Ambassadorship or administrative post in the State Department, a foreign service officer will have

**JOHN C. O'BRIEN** has for many years covered events in the National Capital for our readers. Mr. O'Brien is head of the Washington Bureau of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

had three, three-month periods of intensive training at the Foreign Service Institute.

The first comes at the beginning of his career, the second after he has had eight or ten years overseas service, the third when he has reached top grade and is ready for duties calling for policy planning in a diplomatic or executive post.

Beginners, naturally, spend most of their time learning the techniques of their job. How to issue visas on passports, how to detect fraudulent passports, how to handle immigration cases, how to collect and report commercial, trade, and political information of interest to the Department.

A full two weeks is devoted to the technique of examining passports. Experts from the Department's passport division teach the fledgling foreign officers how forgeries may be detected by magnification. Special stress is laid upon this phase of a junior officer's training because of the existence behind the Iron Curtain of agents skilled in doctoring passports for the use of spies.

If a junior officer is under orders to proceed to a foreign post, he must be thoroughly briefed on the history, government, economy, and social customs of the country to which he is going. For at least a week he attends lectures on foreign policy issues bearing on all the main areas of the world—Europe, the American Republics, the Far East, South and Southeast Asia, the Near East and Africa.

One of the complaints of foreign service officers who have been abroad for eight to ten years is that they lose "the feel" of the home scene. True, they receive regularly home newspapers, magazines, news films, and abstracts by the State Department itself, but these, they

say, fail to convey the inner significance of events at home.

To correct this, the Institute has begun to bring mid-career officers home for a three-months refresher course. Twenty-one came back last year, and a larger number will be recalled this year. The emphasis in the instruction given them is different from that in the courses for beginners. The experienced officer's training is designed to fit him to assume heavier responsibilities befitting his seniority.

He spends most of his time reviewing the problems of the United States, not only in its foreign aspects but also in relation to domestic developments. In seminars with officers from other parts of the world, he is expected to contribute from his own experience abroad. He attends lectures on how to interpret American foreign policy when he returns to his post. After five weeks he is given a breather in the form of a visit to New York to watch the United Nations in action. If he was brought home for transfer to another post, then he also undertakes an intensive course in the language of the new country.

By the time an officer has had twenty years in the field, he is ready to take over a diplomatic mission as chief or assume administrative duties in the Department. For such an officer, the Institute provides intensive courses in policy planning. His vision and judgment are tested in a series of political, economic, and strategic game exercises in which he is expected to come up with a sound solution.

Other senior officers who wish to become specialists in economics, trade relations, or in the problems of a particular area are detached from duty for from six to twenty-eight months of concentrated study either at the Institute or at selected universities.

And since Ambassadors and administrative officers often are required to make speeches, the Institute offers a course in effective public speaking.

The only foreign service officer for whom the school bell does not toll at one time or another is the so-called "political" Ambassador—a man or woman who is not a career officer but is appointed to an Ambassadorship as a reward for campaign contributions or party service.

As yet, Hoskins admits, he has not figured out how to lure a banker like Winthrop Aldrich, Ambassador to Great Britain, or an author-playwright like Clare Boothe Luce, Ambassador to Italy, into the classroom.

"But I hope," he says, "the time will come when we can send the political ambassadors back to school, too."

## REGINA

by ELEANOR M. RICHARDS

*Oh winds of Golgotha, why blow so cold  
On her, who wears a diadem of pain  
Upon her brow? Tear not the fold  
Of veil, that hides her from a rabble's eye.  
  
Oh winds, from caves of death by quaking stone  
Unleashed, withhold your touch from her our queen!  
Today, the hill of Skull was made her throne  
And man's unending sorrows her domain.*

**Opportunity to meet and exchange ideas with foreign students is provided by the Institute of European Studies**



**Sightseeing in Vienna,  
American students ask directions  
near St. Stephan's Cathedral**

**In traditional student hangout,  
American student gets a few tips  
on zither playing from friend.  
Music is center of Viennese life**

**Typical Austrian tile store  
provides heat as I.E.S. students  
catch up on their languages**



**by  
ADOLPH SCHALK**

To the average American, events in Europe seem distant, cold, and lacking in human depth. Even if he happens to be a student paging through a history book in search of the meanings behind events. But for a small group of sixty American students who recently completed a one or two semester travel-study tour of Europe, the daily headlines from Europe have taken on flesh and blood. For they announce events that are happening to people whom they have come to know and in places they have come to remember with affection.

The group of sixty are this year's participants in a relatively young, bold, new venture called the Institute of European Studies that has headquarters in two cities as far apart in time and culture as any you'll find—Chicago, Illinois, and Vienna, Austria. The Institute aims to create a new dimension in education through a unique, low-cost program that sells travel for college credit and provides American students with a rare opportunity to observe in a personal, direct manner something of that Europe which their classmates back home can only know indirectly: the art, the architecture and languages, the voices of market-place and square, the sound of industry, the tension of politics, the conflict of new values with old:

Founded in 1950 by a group of lay Catholics, the Institute has already helped several hundred American students from sixty-eight colleges all over the U.S. to get a firsthand look at Europe and, at the same time, to advance their college careers.

The Institute's program is big and ambitious. By contrast, its founder and director, Paul Koutny, is a diminutive, boyish-looking Austrian with alert brown eyes and the capacity for work of an elephant. In 1950, Paul was attending St. Thomas College in Minnesota under the State Department's student exchange program. There he discovered that American students wanted to go to Europe as much as he had wanted to come to the United States, but didn't know how to go about it. As usual, Paul started to look for a solution.

Living costs in Austria were low, he figured, much lower (at that time) than in the States. He concluded that for \$600 one person, living frugally, could spend two semesters in Europe, pay tuition at the University of Vienna, and travel through eight countries.

He contacted student friends in the Chicago area, whom he had met in his work with the Young Christian Students movement, talked to them about his plan, and got several to sign up for a year of study abroad. Thus, I.E.S. was born.

Since the early days, the Institute of European Studies has come a long way. It is no longer able to offer two semesters for \$600, for the cost of living has gone up in Austria as well as in the U.S. But at \$1,090 (less than it costs many students per semester at home), the student studying with I.E.S. for a semester still gets a bargain: room, board, tuition, round-trip boat fare, and accommodations while traveling through eight countries.

For American students who want to spend a semester or two studying under the Institute's program, here's how it works. American applications are filed with Clarence Giese, American director, at the Chicago office of I.E.S. To be accepted, the student must meet the following requirements which I.E.S. has worked out in co-operation with school authorities: the student must have completed at least one year of college, have a good scholastic standing, and submit two letters of recommendation, including one from a former dean or professor. Once accepted, the student receives his boat ticket and travel information in the mail.

The Institute's 1955 Spring Semester program is a good example of what the student is likely to expect in his travels.

Last February 2 the ship, with forty I.E.S. students aboard, sailed from New York. It arrived in Southampton, England, February 11.

The tour quickly departed from the usual tourist routine, as the students heard lectures at the National Gallery and the British Museum, took part in a question and answer set-to with members of the Conservative Party, and visited Parliament with a member of the House of Commons. They heard Anthony Eden speak and later saw a performance of *Macbeth* at the Old Vic.

In Belgium, they visited organizations like the Young Christian Workers; the Catholic Association of Employers; the University of Louvain; the Belgian Association of Farmers; the College of Europe, postgraduate study center for the problems of European unification in Bruges, one of the few towns preserving most of its medieval character.

"After the Belgian cuisine," described one of the students, "we were introduced to Dr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn (noted Austrian journalist), a conceited genius, who is one of the most astounding personalities I've ever met. A thought-provoking, stimulating Viennese who speaks eight languages and knows everything about everything."

In France, the group toured representative portions of Paris under the guidance of a French member of the Institute and visited such places as Notre Dame Cathedral, the Louvre, the Rodin Collection, and the Museum of Modern Art. They made a side-trip to see the famous Cathedral at Chartres. They visited *Action Populaire*, social research institution; *Etudes*, leading Catholic magazine; SHAPE and NATO; *Mission Universitaire Francaise*, a Catholic student group; and The European Council in Strasbourg.

Then, one afternoon at three-thirty, as student David Heffernan of Georgetown University described it in his diary, "the experience of a lifetime, an hour and a half interview with Gabriel Marcel, thought by many to be one of the foremost philosophers of the day. He's a short, stout, shaggy-haired man of about seventy, and although his prolific pen has gained for him considerable income, he lives in a fourth floor flat on the left bank, with meager furnishings, but literally hundreds of books.

"What a thrill, sitting on the floor five feet in front of him, stroking his cat, and listening to him dissect Jean-Paul-Sartre!"

The students in the Spring Semester group rolled over the highways of France in a special I.E.S. bus on their way to join the twenty full-year students in Vienna. Among them were majors in

history, political science, philosophy, languages, one or two who hope to become writers, students of music and art. They came from schools like Holy Cross, the University of Chicago, De Paul University, St. Mary's, Northwest University.

The bus entered Austria and around six in the evening the group stopped for



I.E.S. founder Paul Koutny, center, with his wife and friend in Salzburg

refreshments. The place was very modern and the menu consisted of hot dogs, ham sandwiches, and milk shakes. The juke box was purring Rosemary Clooney's "Tenderly." Closer inspection revealed 100 records, and 90 of them U.S. hit tunes. "Boy, am I disillusioned," one student remarked, "after my dreams of cloak and dagger stuff!"

They arrived in Vienna around eight in the evening and were brought to the I.E.S. headquarters. Later they were introduced to their landladies and taken to their homes in Europe.

A typical housemother was Frau Doktor R— (a landlady with a Ph.D.). With her stayed Helen Malits, Mimi Cammerata, and Audrey Giovanni, girls from average middle-class homes.

Except for them, this woman lived alone with her eighteen-year-old daughter, for her husband was killed in the war. Once well-to-do, they now live joyfully if frugally. On Sundays, friends of the daughter often brought their instruments and played classical music, sometimes joined by Audrey and her violin, while the others listened.

One thing that came to the students as a kind of jolt was the reality of old-fashioned plumbing and the lack of central heating and hot running water. It took quite a while for most of them to adjust to the chores of preparing their own water for the bath and making coal fires in the big, colorful but frustrating tile stoves in their rooms. As one girl put it, "One thing we

didn't realize about going to Europe is that a certain amount of stamina and a sense of humor are needed."

The new I.E.S. students registered for a normal course load (courses are for credit, are transferable, and are available in English) at the University of Vienna, which dates back to 1365.

On the first day of class, February 28, all rose, according to custom, when the teacher entered and knocked rapidly on their desks with their knuckles when he finished. In former times, students stomped their feet, but due to falling plaster the custom was modified.

Reactions of I.E.S. students to the European University system were mixed. Contrary to the practice in the U.S., attendance at classes is optional—the emphasis is on mastery of reading material and passing of examinations. As a rule everything depends on a single written and oral examination given only

once at the end of the course. Some students disliked this intensely, while others regarded it as a blessing.

"Education here is much better," one said. "American education is geared to the mediocre man. Here they cater to the exceptional student. If you fail you have no one to blame but yourself."

Another student, in a more critical vein, complained that "one course I took was far too elementary, while the next assumed a great deal of reading background I didn't have."

One big problem for I.E.S. is that of language instruction and integration of the students into the Austrian community. This is not as easy as it may seem. "Unless you really search out Austrians," one student admitted, "contact with Americans is so easy you don't learn German."

Those who applied themselves, however, learned a great deal. One stu-

dent learned a considerable amount of German after only two months. Although he studied the language formally, his real teacher was the landlady's five-year-old daughter, with whom he spoke frequently. "She showed no mercy," he said.

Culturally there was no end to the activities available to the students. Discussions with Austrians and foreign students in the many famous cafés, operas, plays, festival weeks, music festivals, ballets, and concerts are going continually.

When the students broke class for Easter vacation, the time was used to visit Italy and Sicily and spend Holy Week in Rome.

At the end of the school year in Vienna, the forty students of the Spring Semester group made a tour of Yugoslavia. I.E.S. students met public officials in Agram, capital of Croatia. As they walked from place to place, some of the girls were followed by women begging for cast-off clothing.

After Yugoslavia, the students ended their tour in the German university towns of Tübingen and Heidelberg. In both towns, student life and German history have been partners through the centuries. There was a lecture by Romano Guardini, world-famous theologian, and a reception at the University of Tübingen, once a center of the German Reformation. Talks with other religious, political, and social leaders provided an introduction to Germany.

After a farewell party in a traditional student spot in Heidelberg, the program officially ended on June 30. "When we said good-by," remarked Helen Malits, "the tears flowed and there was dancing in the streets."

Looking back on the whole semester in Europe, Helen said: "I got a great deal out of my experience with I.E.S. If nothing else, it made me a better American and a better Catholic. At home I took myself for granted. Here I was constantly called upon to make decisions, to do things differently than I had ever done them before. I.E.S. had a maturing effect on all of us."

Meanwhile, the Institute continues from its strategic location in Vienna, the crossroads between East and West, to foster that cultural interchange between peoples without which peace is hardly possible. One can safely predict that, barring the catastrophe of war, its contribution toward better relations between the United States and Europe will grow with the years.



Late for class, American student steps hurriedly from street car on his way to University. Students agree that study abroad had maturing effect



*Steve leaned forward. "I regret I must depart"*

B RIDGES Street looked shabby in the spring morning sunshine, and it was quite obvious that the slender, smartly-dressed girl of about nineteen who moved quickly along the fronts of the pawn shops, liquor stores, and honky-tonks did not belong there. She walked out near the curb, as if to keep from contamination, and held her face hidden as best she could in the upturned collar of her pale yellow topcoat.

Her eyes, searching furtively, found a sign stretched between two second-story windows. It was a bright, newly painted sign, with white lettering against a blue background. It read:

ARE YOU WORRIED?  
Come In And Let Me Solve Your  
Problems

—DR. ABEL DOMINION—  
Consulting Psychologist

The girl stopped, glanced quickly around to make sure no one was watching her, then darted into the narrow doorway that led to the second floor.

Dr. Dominion was sound asleep behind his desk, his head tilted back over the top of his swivel chair, his mouth open, snoring, when the buzzer announced the opening of the office door. Immediately, automatically, as if it were a regular routine, the doctor was on his

*by Myles Connolly*

*In this corner Dr.*



The trouble with Debby was her father. But Dr. Dominion  
had a very unusual way of taking care of her father

feet, smoothing out his white coat, adjusting his gold pince-nez, assuming a grandiose pose which obviously he considered professional. He was a big, corpulent man with a florid face and a large, somewhat bulbous nose, and his pose would have been, to say the least, suspect to a practiced eye.

The girl had a lovely, but hardly what could be called a practiced, eye. She entered the office timidly. "Did I disturb, you, doctor? I—I'm terribly sorry."

Dr. Dominion waved her concern away, "I was just meditating, my dear. In scientific meditation I find the solution to many of the most profound problems of my profession."

The girl slowly sat down. "I saw your ad in the Sunday paper," she began. "I wonder if you can help me. I—I'm—"

"You're worried," the doctor filled in for her as she faltered. "Most everybody is worried, my dear. Life is a vale of vicissitudes, as the poet puts it. Unburden yourself. Lay your troubles out on my sturdy desk here and—" He waved to an elaborately framed certificate on the wall behind him declaring he was a graduate of a correspondence school course in applied psychology. "—and put your trust in the powers of modern psychology."

The girl spoke hesitantly. "I'm engaged to be married, I'm engaged to the most wonderful man in the world—"

Dr. Dominion nodded wisely. "Does he also happen to be rich?"

"Oh, no. He's poor."

Dr. Dominion was quite obviously disappointed.

"But we don't care whether we're rich or poor. When we're married he can play professional football while he's studying law. No," she lowered her voice, "father's the problem."

"Ah, father." Dr. Dominion tapped the desk. "Your father does not see your fiance as the most wonderful man in the world—is that it?"

"Father's never met Steve. He doesn't

know he exists. But if he did he wouldn't like him," she declared flatly.

She seemed on the edge of tears. The doctor came around from behind the desk, oozing benevolence. "Be at ease, my child. This is Dr. Dominion. Unburden your heart."

Unburden her heart, she did. A few weeks after her twelfth birthday, her mother died and after that her father took her mother's place, or rather, what he considered a mother's place to be. He attended her everywhere she went. He was not only mother to her, but nurse, chaperone, and policeman. At first, she didn't mind. But when she grew older and began to have boy friends, her father became very difficult. He scrutinized and interrogated each boy friend as if he were, if not an enemy, then certainly an adversary. He answered all telephone calls and after a while there were no more telephone calls. He set ten-thirty o'clock as the latest she could be out on a date, and he sat in the living room, waiting, to see that she came in on time. No loitering in car or on porch was allowed. Soon there were no more dates.

Then, one afternoon, at the swimming pool at the club, she met Steve.

"And Steve isn't what father would call a scholar and a gentleman," she almost sobbed, "and we want to get married and that makes everything even worse than before."

Dr. Dominion began to speak glibly, seeking to comfort her. He paced while he talked. "Your good father has a *tyrannus rexus* complex, a very common ailment of fathers in modern civilization, due usually to a deep physical frustration. It ordinarily occurs in a man who is frail, possibly anemic even, and is shy of the strong and sturdy. My last patient was a man of this kind, a violinist. Whenever he flew into a rage, which was almost daily, he jumped on his violin. It cost him so much money repairing broken violins or buying new

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HENRY S. HARTMAN

ones that he was always on the verge of destitution. I cured him by prescribing a job for him with a house-wrecking crew." He stopped, faced the girl. "Where do you live, my dear?"

"Ten Park View Terrace." Her voice was a whisper.

"Ah. A very good address, a delightful neighborhood." Dr. Dominion was pleased. "It has been my observation that the best patients come from the best neighborhoods," he explained.

"Time is of the essence," Dr. Dominion resumed. "I think it best I call on your father this very afternoon. Perhaps later on toward the cocktail hour. Also it would be highly desirable to invite me to stay for dinner. When everyone is relaxed, I achieve the best results. What is your name, my dear?"

"Debby Koyle." Her voice was a whisper again. "We spell it with a 'K'."

"A very pretty name, especially with a 'K'." He wrote the name down. "And what is your father's name, Debby?"

"James Koyle—though everybody calls him Jim."

DR. DOMINION started to write the name down, then stopped, looked sharply over at Debby. "Not Jim Koyle—the prize fighter? It's not him, is it?"

Debby shifted in the chair. "Yes, Jim Koyle is my father. I didn't want to tell you. I was hoping you'd be able to advise me without knowing."

Dr. Dominion's jaw dropped and the pencil slipped from his fingers. "You mean Killer Koyle—the former heavyweight champion of the world—you mean he's your father?"

"He's not a killer, really," Debby spoke up in defense of her father, "except when he loses his temper. That's just a name the newspapers gave him."

There was a heavy silence. In the silence, Dr. Dominion moved around back behind the desk and sat down, toying with his glasses to hide his perturbation.

Debby observed his nervous silence. "I hope I didn't give you a bad picture of my daddy, doctor. He's really very sweet, and it can be fun when he goes places with me, like when he goes to the hairdresser's with me—I prefer to have a plain cut but he always insists I have curls—and it's amusing to watch all the girls and women 'Ooh' and 'Ah' over him, he's so big and handsome and—and powerful." Dr. Dominion winced. "And when I go to buy clothes, he always goes along because he wants me to get fancy things—and all the salesmen in the stores crowd into the girls' department and stand around and admire him and ask for his autograph and I get all kinds of attention. And those

times when he drops in at the dances—he likes to do that just to see how things are going—all the boys leave their dates and ask me to introduce them and I have a wonderful time. Of course, my date doesn't have such a good time. Daddy always keeps a close eye on him. He wants to be sure he acts like a gentleman."

Dr. Dominion got heavily to his feet. "One moment, Miss Koyle. I've been doing some scientific meditation and I've come to the conclusion your case is a little more difficult than appeared at first. I feel now, because of the delicacy of your father's condition, he might prove allergic to strangers. I shall therefore not go to see him. I must put his well being first. The good doctor always puts the well being of the patient first." He began to pace the room in great solemnity. "Let me meditate a moment."

"I have it, my dear. I have the cure," he announced grandly. "All will be well. Your father will take your Steve to his bosom. You and he will be married, and everybody will be happy beyond their wildest dreams. Sit down again.

• Any car will last your lifetime if you're careless enough.

—Quote

It is fortunate indeed you came to me, Miss Koyle."

Jim Koyle nervously looked up at his living room clock.

"What time did you say the young man was coming?" he asked Debby who sat across the width of this wide room from him.

"He'll be here at eight o'clock, daddy. Sharp."

Her father moved about uncomfortably on the sofa. "Well, I guess he oughtn't to be late. He's been six weeks getting here."

"Not six, daddy. Only five," Debby corrected him. "It's just five weeks since I invited him. It's taken Steve that long to overcome his—his antipathy. That's the word he used. I hope you don't mind my saying so, daddy, but Steve just doesn't like prize fighters."

"Maybe he's got something there," Jim Koyle said in uneasy humility. After a moment, he got up, walked across to his daughter. "You think I look okay, Debby?"

Debby appraised him. She saw a huge, powerful man, trim and graceful for all his size. But she did not tell him that. Instead she said, "I wish now I'd got you some eyeglasses, daddy. You wouldn't look so—so physical then."

Jim Koyle smiled affectionately down

at her. "Maybe I don't need eyeglasses, honey," he said. "Maybe I'm not as physical as I used to be a few weeks ago."

Then, the chimes on the clock began to tink out eight. Even as they were tinkling the front doorbell rang.

"You see," Debby said. "Right on the dot."

DEBBY was well aware the young man had been sitting out in the car for a good twenty minutes with his eyes fastened on his wrist watch but she gave no least inkling of any such idea as she glided into the entrance hall to open the door.

She held the door proudly open for Steve to enter. It is little wonder that Jim Koyle blinked at what he saw.

Steve was a tall stalwart who obviously could play tackle on any man's football team. But, at the moment, he was considerably in disguise. His hair was long and combed with a part straight down the middle to permit the hair to fall in wavy locks to right and left, but the young man's hair refused to fall according to plan and the result was he simply looked badly in need of a haircut. He carried a large two-volume edition of Shakespeare, a volume in each hand, and entered without looking at either Debby or her father, staring off into distance through grotesquely large, horn-rimmed glasses with what he evidently considered a scholarly gaze.

Debby thought his entrance perfect, exactly what the doctor ordered.

"Father, this is Mr. Braden," she said with an air of triumph.

Debby, in her happiness, did not observe her father's puzzlement or antagonism. "Sit down everybody," she called out as though there were a dozen people in the room, "and we'll talk." Then, as they were seated, she added, "Mr. Braden likes to talk. Don't you, Mr. Braden?"

"Uh huh," Steve's assent was a vague sound coming from what was supposed to be a lofty intellectual altitude.

There was a deep silence.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" Debby finally said to break the silence.

"Uh huh." Steve answered, abstractly.

There was silence again.

Debby grew uncomfortable before the silence. When she became aware of the cold scrutiny her father was giving Steve, she grew more uncomfortable. She saw him appraise his strong hands and his wide shoulders and critically eye his untidy hair.

But she in no way betrayed her uneasiness. Smiling, she turned to Steve. "Recite some poetry, will you, Mr. Braden?" She turned to her father.

"Wait till you hear Mr. Braden recite poetry, father."

Steve knitted his brows, braced himself, and began straightway to recite. His voice was flat, monotonous.

"To be, or not to be: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them?"

He stopped as abruptly as he had begun. Then he smiled a boyish smile of relief and turned to Debby. "Like it, Miss Koyle? It's from Shakespeare."

"It was beautiful," she murmured. Then she smiled triumphantly at her father. "Did you like it, father?"

"Didn't get nowhere with me," he answered flatly.

"Oh, father!" Debby gave every appearance of distress. "I know it's kind of deep but poetry is deep—good poetry like Shakespeare."

"**SURE**," her father said, "but he didn't even get through the first round." He eyed Steve a moment. "Is that all you know of it?"

The young man was ill at ease. "That's all I memorized." Then he added limply, "I don't like Macbeth."

Jim Koyle scowled the black scowl that had terrified many an opponent in the ring. "It's by Hamlet."

"Oh, father, please!" Debby cried out. "Mr. Braden knows."

"You stay out of this, honey," her father ordered. "I been trainin' for this big brain ever since you told me he didn't like prize fighters like me." He turned to Steve. "It's by Macbeth, huh?"

Whereupon Jim "Killer" Koyle, erstwhile heavyweight champion of the world, got to his feet, his jaw thrust out defiantly as if he were about to start swinging—and recited Hamlet's soliloquy from beginning to end, stumbling now and then, but not missing a word.

Debby and Steve sat rigid with astonishment. Apart from the unexpectedness of the recitation, the sight of the grim, rugged prize fighter fiercely declaiming the soliloquy (and with hardly what could be called a classical pronunciation) was enough to astonish anybody.

"I learned that one special," Killer Koyle said when he had finished, glaring down at Steve as if he had just knocked him flat.

Debby watched her young friend with eyes that begged him to say something, to do something.

Finally, Steve got slowly to his feet,

leaned forward, looked at the clock on the mantle as if it had some important message for him.

Then he spoke. "I regret I must depart now," he said in stilted speech which no more suited him than his haircut. "I always retire early."

"Suits me," Jim Koyle said. "The sooner the better."

"Oh, father!" Debby jumped up. "Please don't be rude. You just don't understand Steve, that's all."

"I understand him enough to know he's a phony," her father retorted. "He's put one over on you, honey."

Debby choked up. "I'm sorry, Steve," she said, taking his arm.

She led the towering youth to the door and out to the porch. They stopped at the edge of the lawn.

"Well, I guess that polishes me off," Steve said in a low, unhappy voice.

Debby held tightly to him. "It's all my fault—having a prize fighter for a father. Especially a prize fighter who has to go and learn to recite poetry. He's nice but—" she almost sobbed the words "—but no girl ever had such a father."

Then Steve's protective instinct got

the better of him. Well aware though he was that her father was in the living room beyond the open door, he grabbed Debby up in his powerful arms and kissed her.

Instantly, Jim Koyle came charging out of the house, head fiercely forward, eyes blazing, as often in his career he had charged out of his corner for the kill.

"Get in the house!" he roared at Debby. "Go to your room!"

Dr. Dominion was in the back room in his shirt sleeves, busy with a pencil, paper, and a racing form, when the buzzer sounded, announcing the opening of the office door. He quickly buttoned on his white coat, set his pince-nez professionally on his nose, assumed his dignity, and went out into the office.

Debby stood limply by the desk. Dr. Dominion beamed when he saw her.

"Ah, it is good to see you again, Miss Koyle," he said grandiloquently as he advanced to the desk. "You have been very much in my thoughts lately. I decided against mailing your father your bill, the subject of your visit being of such a confidential nature, and now I have the opportunity of presenting it to



**Dr. Dominion was asleep behind his desk, his mouth open**

you in person. It always pays to observe the amenities—”

“This is no time to be thinking about money,” Debby blurted out.

Dr. Dominion then saw she had been crying. “Why, my dear, do you still have problems?”

“I don’t have anything any more,” Debby said. “Father went and studied poetry, too, while Steve was studying poetry and letting his hair grow long and—”

**S**HE could not go further. Quickly, solicitously, Dr. Dominion went to her, held out a chair for her.

“Sit down, my dear, and tell me all. I was sure you and your young man would be well on your way to the altar by now.” Then as he made his way around to his side of the desk, he added, “Of course, Killer Koyle going in for the study of poetry was a factor no psychologist could have anticipated.”

“Don’t say anything against my father, please,” Debby said with a sudden show of spirit. “He’s wonderful. It’s—it’s this Steve person who turned out to be dreadful—just dreadful.”

“Indeed?” Dr. Dominion was surprised. “I considered him a veritable paragon.”

“He kissed me,” Debby said in a low voice.

“That’s quite understandable, I would say,” Dr. Dominion murmured.

“Oh, it wasn’t that,” Debby went on. “But father saw him and came running out of the house and—and—”

Her voice broke. Dr. Dominion grew rigid with apprehension.

“Did he—kill the young man?”

“Oh, no, that’s just it, that’s what’s so dreadful,” Debby spoke up again. “Steve almost killed my father.”

Dr. Dominion was immediately on his feet. “This young man—he almost killed Killer Koyle?”

“Well, he knocked him down, and there’s no telling what he would have done if I hadn’t rushed back out of the house and ordered him away.” Her voice trembled. “I told him I never wanted to see him again. He’s a—a savage.”

Killer Koyle was never knocked down in his whole ring career,” Dr. Dominion declared in awe. “This Steve must have struck him from behind.”

“No, it was worse—he did it right to his face. They had been fighting out on the lawn three or four minutes before I looked out the window. Then, I saw him knock poor father down.”

Dr. Dominion was suddenly all business. He got a pencil and paper out of the desk. “What’s this young man’s name and address?”

Debby gave him the information.

“But I’m not worried about *him*,” she said, her voice trembling again. “I don’t want to see him ever again as long as I live, and if I did, father would never let me, not in a million years. No. It’s father I’ve come to see you about. I’ve been hiding from him. I’m afraid to face him. Could you go out and talk to him, Doctor?”

Dr. Dominion folded up the paper with Steve’s name and address and put it carefully in his pocket. “Don’t worry, my dear. Everything will end well, I’m sure. You’re still in love, I can see that.”

“Nothing is ever going to be beautiful again,” Debby sobbed as she left the office.

Dr. Dominion sat opposite Steve in the small combination bedroom-living room of Steve’s apartment.

Steve carefully read the one-page agreement Dr. Dominion had put in his hands. His left hand was tightly bandaged and both cheekbones were blue with bruises, but his hair was close cut now and he was in a sweater, and he looked very much like a handsome football hero after the big game.

---

• All men are born free and equal, but most of them marry.

---

Dr. Dominion was impatient. “Just sign your name there at the bottom, Mr. Braden. That will make me your manager, and a golden future is yours.”

Steve started to sign, then hesitated. “I probably sound dumb but I still don’t get it—why did you come to sign me anyway? I didn’t know anyone knew I could box. That boxing I did in the Navy didn’t add up to much. Just a few fights, that’s all.”

“Ah, but you should hear my Navy friends talk about you, Mr. Braden,” Dr. Dominion said with a knowing smile. Then he added quickly, “Of course, you are a gamble. You have never fought anybody, really. I have my work cut out for me.”

“Well I guess it’s better than playing professional football,” Steve said, trying the pen.

“Football is sheer barbarism,” Dr. Dominion declared. “You risk your neck almost every week end. In the fight game when you’re champ all you have to fight is about once a year.”

Steve nodded. “Maybe you’re right.”

He again prepared to sign. Then, the doorbell rang. He put down the pen, to the disappointment of Dr. Dominion, went to the door, and opened it.

Jim Koyle stood there. Steve jumped back into a fighter’s stance, raised his fists protectively.

Koyle grinned. “Put down the mitts, kid. This is pure social. I just had a talk with Debby and she told me the whole story. Some quack she went to down town put all that rubbish into her head. I ought to go and kick his teeth in.”

Immediately Dr. Dominion grabbed his hat and started out.

“Come in, Mr. Koyle.”

Koyle entered. But Dr. Dominion kept right on going.

“Can’t delay now, Mr. Braden. Press of business,” Dr. Dominion said as casually as he could with Koyle eying him. “We’ll arrange for another conference later.”

Dr. Dominion went swiftly through the door.

Steve closed the door after him. “He came to have me sign up with him as a fighter,” he said. “Heard somewhere I used to do a little boxing in the Navy.”

“You signed?” Koyle asked quickly.

“**W**AS about to when you came,” Steve replied. “He’ll be back.”

Koyle chuckled. “Forget him, kid. I don’t know if Debby wants her husband in the ring—she might be afraid he’d take after her old man—but if she does, I’m your manager.” He thrust out his hand. “Worst beating I ever got in my life—last night.”

Steve was laughing as he shook Koyle’s hand. “It was lucky for me Debby chased me away before you got up off the lawn,” he said.

“Looks like poetry’s bad business all around,” Koyle said. “Debby’s given it up for life. Let’s go and see the kid. She’s over at the house crying her eyes out.”

Dr. Dominion was dozing behind his desk when the buzzer announcing the opening of the office door awakened him. Immediately he was on his feet, smoothing out his white coat, adjusting his pince-nez.

A scrawny messenger boy entered carrying a package.

“Doc Dominion?” the boy asked.

“Doctor Dominion,” was the dignified correction.

“Sign here, Doc,” the boy held out his book.

Dr. Dominion glared, then signed. The boy left. Dr. Dominion detached a note from the package.

“Doctor, all is beautiful,” he read. “Thanks for everything, Debby.”

Dr. Dominion looked at the package and glowed. “Ah, a gift. How sweet is gratitude,” he murmured.

He opened the package. The glow left his face. In the package were two large books—*The Complete Shakespeare* in two volumes.



*Do we seek today a success different from that of Christ?*

# The Cross and Achievement

**Christ invited you to co-operate  
with Him in the work of the Redemption**

**by BERTRAND WEAVER, C. P.**

**A**MBITION, if it is not prompted by unworthy motives, is praiseworthy. The normal person has a right to feel frustrated if he is accomplishing nothing worthwhile in life. The desire for achievement is actually a desire to imitate the Creator. As a matter of fact, we speak of great and unique achievements as *creations*.

But, if we are going to be rational about it, we should desire to achieve something of real value, something that will help us and our fellow man, not something which will merely win us passing applause. St. Paul spoke of the perishable crown, the laurel wreath, to gain which the athletes of his day exerted such efforts and made such sacrifices. Every literate person on earth knows the name of St. Paul, and he has won the imperishable crown of eternal life, which he contrasted with the athlete's fading laurels. But does anybody except a few scholars know the name of a single record-breaking athlete for whom the Roman or Greek crowds went wild for a day?

The startling progress made in jet-propulsion caused Pope Pius XII to declare that "man's effort to conquer space . . . reveals in some manner the impulse urging man on to exceed himself." He saw behind such efforts, however, a spiritual impulse which too many fail to recognize, an impulse in man "to grow morally, and to find in his soul ever new resources of generosity and heroism."

The greatest achievement, the most generous and the most heroic, one that touches the life of every human being, dead or living, or yet to be born, appeared to most of those who witnessed it to be no achievement at all, but a complete defeat. But today, almost two thousand years after it was accomplished, eight hundred million people regard it as the supreme achievement, the saving of the human race from eternal doom.

If you can imagine such a thing as God's calling a conference of the wise ones of the world to suggest means of saving the human race, we wonder what recommendations would have been made. Surely nobody would have suggested that man be saved through a Cross, an instrument of execution. But God has a way of turning the wisdom of the world upside down, and the Cross was the very means He used for this greatest of all achievements.

Mankind has a way of taking common things for granted. Every day we make the beautiful gesture of signing

ourselves with the Cross. We cover ourselves with the Cross. But do we advert to the fact that we are in this way manifesting our participation in the mystery of the Cross? Do we stop to think that our identifying ourselves with the achievement of the Crucified Christ is the supreme achievement for us?

Pius XII, after stating that Christ did good by working miracles, but saved mankind by His suffering and death, went on to explain that we are given the tremendous privilege of participating in the achievement of the Son of God. In a special message to the sick, the Holy Father declared: "Jesus, by exhorting you to take up your cross and follow Him, invited you by that very fact to co-operate with Him in the work of Redemption. As His Heavenly Father invited Him, so He invites you. . . . The Passion of Jesus shows you the fruitfulness of suffering for yourselves, for others, and for the world."

**I**T is too bad the success that we seek today is so different from that of Christ. We seem to think that success is measured mainly by the amount of time we gain on television or radio, by the number of conventions that we hold, or by the amount of space we cover with printer's ink. We seem to be rather unaware that a single resigned cry from a soul in anguish may mean more in the way of real achievement than a thousand sermons by a popular preacher. St. Therese, whose stupendous achievement nobody can question, stated this in a letter she sent to one of the foreign missionaries who had the privilege of corresponding with her. "It is, in truth," she wrote, "more through suffering and persecution than by eloquent preaching that Jesus wills to establish His kingdom in souls."

St. Therese, who surely mastered the wisdom of the Cross, linked achievement and the Cross as end and means. She wrote in her *Autobiography*: "If we want to attain an end, we must employ the means, and Jesus made me understand that He would give me souls by means of the cross: the more crosses I met with, the more did my attraction to suffering increase."

What would those who know nothing of the divine wisdom of the Cross be able to make of St. Therese's statement: "I do not desire to be delivered from the suffering of this life, because suffering united to love is the only thing which appears to me desirable in this valley of tears."

There is implicit in the desire for achievement usually the desire to influence others. It is not likely that many masterpieces of music or literature are

lying hidden in desk drawers. If anybody wants really to influence others, if he wants to have the kind of influence that will reach to the ends of the earth, an influence that will reach perhaps into some obscure village in Africa or China, or into the heart of New York, he can have it. And he can exert it without moving a step from wherever he happens to be.

The Church being the mystical body of Christ, everything that a particular member does affects the whole body. This is why some very obscure person, lying neglected in a hospital ward and whose existence to those who happen to pass by could not appear more useless and wasted, may be winning the grace of conversion for some soul on the other side of the earth, to whom a missionary may be inspired, through the transmuted power of consecrated suffering, to say a word which will penetrate like a steel blade.

This influence, like a wave that rises in the middle of the sea, can continue producing effects to unsuspected distances. Anybody, through his prayerful acceptance of the cross in his life, can influence souls unknown to him, and

---

**• Reputation is a personal possession frequently not discovered until lost.**

---

these in turn can influence others, and so on and on, right into eternity.

What else is St. Paul saying in his daring statement that he made up in his own body those things which were lacking in the Passion of Christ? The tragedy in the world is not that there is suffering but that so much suffering is wasted. And it is wasted because some of those who profess to believe in the Cross rebel against the entrance of the Cross into their own lives. They act as though St. Peter had never declared: "For unto this indeed you are called; because Christ also has suffered for you leaving you an example that you should follow His steps." They believe that Christ's offering of Himself was the great act of atonement. They do not see that this is only part of the mystery of the Cross. They fail to understand that their crosses, if united with the great Cross of Christ, are also accepted by God as atonement for their sins and even the sins of others.

Words which are used in every-day speech are liable to lose their impact. And this is true of the word *cross* when used in reference to some trial which we are asked to undergo. It was true spir-

itual insight that first prompted the use of the word *cross* in this way, and we should ask ourselves whether perhaps we have lost some of this insight.

We are as truly one with Christ as the members of our body are one with our head. Because we are one with Him, our crosses, when offered with His Cross, have a consecrated character. Every disappointment, every temptation, every pain, every privation, willed or unwilling, every separation through death or distance, is a cross that can be transmuted by the divine alchemy of His Cross into the gold of God's forgiveness for some unknown person, into the gold of Christ's life surging through some soul that has never received it or has deprived himself of it through sin.

This is admirably brought out in the words of a French priest who, after the invasion of France by the Nazis, accompanied French workmen conscripted for labor in Germany, not as a chaplain but as a workman. Writing of the suffering of these men, Pere Perrin said: "If you could translate the mass of their waiting and wretchedness, the cry of their hope, into gold coins, or light, or harmony, it would transform the whole earth and shake it to its foundations, so that it would throb all over with glorious music that would rend the heart." Speaking of his own ordeal and his being deprived of the opportunity to offer Mass, he sums up in one sentence what we have been saying about achievement through suffering: ". . . I had no bread to offer, but a day in prison was a precious offering in my hands."

World-shaking achievements, the type that win Nobel Prizes and Pulitzer Awards, are for the few. And some of these achievements will show blanks in the golden records of eternal life. Other achievements, such as rearing godly families, molding youth through religious education, caring for the fatherless, the infirm, and the aged, while little recognized by a materialistic generation, will loom large in eternity, but all are not in a position to mark up such achievements.

**T**HREE is one sort of achievement which is open to all. We can all take our crosses up the hill of Calvary, the illnesses, the separations, the disappointments, the frustrations, the temptations, the misunderstandings, the daily irritations. There we can place these crosses alongside the holy Cross of the Divine Redeemer and He will consecrate them and unite them with His eternal sacrifice. Could we desire anything greater or more fruitful than participation in the supreme achievement of the Son of God?

# STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Laurence Olivier plays the title role in the movie, "Richard III"

## Reviews in Brief

A magnificent cast has been assembled by producer-director-star Laurence Olivier for his spectacular production of **RICHARD III**. The Bard's timeless verse, his expert dramatic sense, and the subtleties of his lines have never been more superbly packaged for the screen than in this British-made, VistaVision presentation. Olivier interprets the title role with considerable flourish and expected finesse, but he is overshadowed by Ralph Richardson in a brilliant performance as Buckingham. John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, Pamela Brown, and Nicholas Hannen are also fine. The battle scenes are vividly realized, and the pageantry provides a delightful backdrop for the histrionics. This is moviemaking of a high order, a production designed to satisfy the family audience in every respect. (IFD)

Danny Kaye goes medieval in **THE COURT JESTER** with amusing results. His special style of clowning gets full opportunity when he poses as a court jester in a campaign to overthrow a tyrant king. Glynis Johns, Angela Lansbury, and a company of assorted funmakers pitch in to make this satire on the swashbuckling movies great fun for the youngsters and fairly entertaining for the adults. (Paramount)

**THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS** is a first-rate thriller based on an actual World War II incident, produced with skill, restraint, and the expected British flair for melodrama. It stars Clifton Webb as a Lieutenant Commander in the British Navy, a departure from his usual bland comedy style. His performance is competent, neither adding to nor detracting from the picture's intrinsic value as an espionage thriller. A successful attempt by the British to camouflage their plans for invasion of Sicily is the basis of the plot, one, incidentally, which has been cleverly and intelligently developed. Acting is the weak cog in this otherwise excellent drama, suited to audiences of every age. (20th Century-Fox)

A quartet of experienced, musical comedy stars make valiant effort to revitalize Cole Porter's **ANYTHING GOES**. That they are not fully successful is no reflection on the talents or personal appeal of Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi

Gaynor, and Jeanne Moreau. It is simply that they are bogged down by an impossible script and some uninspired production routines. The Porter score has long since become a popular item for chanteuse and orchestra, including such durables as *It's De-Lovely*, *Blow, Gabriel, Blow*, and the title song. There are some attractive ingredients in this lush musical, and the lack of suggestiveness is certainly one, but the over-all effect is less than sparkling. (Paramount)

**COME NEXT SPRING** is a beguiling and heart-warming story of rural life in Arkansas, a movie designed for the family audience and one which avoids caricature in depicting the folk of a farm community back in the early 1920's. Ann Sheridan and Steve Cochran are starred as a couple making the effort to patch up their broken marriage. The father has returned to town hoping to pick up the life he had fled eight years before. The couple's two children, a boy and deaf-mute girl, figure importantly in the eventual reunion. The story is simple, but never saccharine, with some exciting scenes balancing the bucolic. A fine family movie. (Republic)

Rock Hudson and Miss Cornell Borchers, a recently imported German actress, are mired in soap-opera drama in **NEVER SAY GOODBYE**. At many points the story slops over into the maudlin, as the story of a turbulent marriage is spun in familiar manner, from a wartime Viennese courtship through marriage, separation, a chance meeting years later in Chicago, and the inevitable reunion when Miss Borchers is brought together with the daughter Hudson had spirited away from her years before. Though this is suited to the youngsters in that it is wholesomely presented, it will have little appeal for them, or their daddies. This is carved from the clay that has kept so many housewives enchanted with the problems of Portia and her microphone sisters for so many years. (Universal-International)

**BATTLE STATIONS** is made of sterner stuff but is hampered somewhat by the use of stereotype characters and stencil situations. The setting is an aircraft carrier in the latter days of the war in the Pacific. The principal figure is the Catholic chaplain, played convincingly by John Lund, who serves as narrator for the story. The rigorous training

which the men and pilots undergo, the tensions of life aboard ship, the light moments, and the final ordeal by fire are interestingly depicted. However, the basic situation is now so familiar to moviegoers that the production loses much of its impact. William Bendix, Richard Boone, and Keefe Braselle are adequate in their recognizable roles. An entertaining, though not outstanding, service story, suitable for the family audience. (Columbia)

**CAROUSEL** is one of the year's finest movies and one which will be remembered and discussed for a long time to come. Photographed in the new CinemaScope 55 process, it is a visual delight throughout, matching the high artistic quality of the drama itself with unusual panoramas and sharp, clear scenes which are among the best yet offered on the screen. The Rodgers-Hammerstein musical on which this is based and which was derived in turn from Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom* is a substantial story in which elements of pathos, humor, drama, and music have been skillfully combined. Score and cast rate only the highest praise, with Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Lockhart, Barbara Ruick, Cameron Mitchell, Robert Rounseville, and Claramae Turner providing outstanding moments. Among the familiar songs are *You'll Never Walk Alone*, *If I Loved You*, *June is Bustin' Out All Over*, and *This Was a Real Nice Clambake*. All the components of *Carousel*, from choreography to photography, from music to staging, are topnotch. Blended, they provide brilliant motion picture entertainment for mature audiences. (20th Century-Fox)

There are many bright assets in the lush Technicolor musical, **MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS**. They range from imaginative choreography to fresh dialogue and a plot which is not merely a succession of thin gags. However, there are debits as well in the suggestiveness which unfortunately flecks the dialogue, the dance routines, and the costuming, all unnecessary to the enjoyment of a musical which has so many fine entertainment values. Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, and a galaxy of guest performers are among the assets. (M-G-M)

Fans of the popular TV pedant will undoubtedly enjoy Eve Arden and company as **OUR MISS BROOKS** transfers her cartoon-style antics to the "big" screen. Although the laughs trickle through from time to time, the situations developed for this venture are on the trite side as the lady Eve strives valiantly to wring a proposal from a shy fellow-teacher. While this sort of strained humor is acceptable in half-hour TV doses, it wears a bit thin for theater audiences, and even sturdy acting efforts cannot revive the gag. The undiscriminating adult will find it mildly amusing. (Warner Bros.)

#### The New Plays

"Should there not be a time limit on heroism?" That is the question around which authors Henry Denker and Ralph Berkley have built their drama of brainwashing and its aftermath. They have called it **TIME LIMIT**, and it is a fascinating study in character, morality, and a problem which becomes increasingly important with each passing day. The theory of brainwashing is not new, its "refinements," as practiced by the Communists, are also age-old, but the problem it poses for us is one we have never before faced. The pivot of this harrowing drama is an Army inquiry into a case of a Major accused of collaborating with the Communist captors in Korea. The authors have handled the situation deftly and have been equally dexterous in sidestepping the real issue, the moral basis of the entire problem, in their third-act tie-up. They have posed a provocative question, and their



Shirley Jones is the factory girl who loves carnival man Gordon MacRae in "Carousel"



Richard Kiley and Arthur Kennedy in the drama, "Time Limit!"

solution is both vague and evasive. But they have written a dynamic play and, within its self-imposed limits, an absorbing one, with sturdy performances by Arthur Kennedy, Richard Kiley, and Thomas Carlin, who provides one of the season's finest scenes. *Time Limit* is expert playmaking, taut, tense, and timely. Its failure is one of omission.

**THE PONDER HEART**, based on Eudora Welty's novel of eccentricity in a small Southern town, becomes a *tour de force* for David Wayne, an actor of uncommon ability, who holds the flimsy comedy in the palm of his hand. In a role reminiscent of Frank Fay's in *Harvey*, Wayne disarms the audience almost to the point of forgetting that the material on view is hardly worth the effort. He plays a rather daffy,

rich resident of a Mississippi town who marries a barefoot miss from the backwoods. She dies of fright during a violent thunder storm and he is charged with murdering her. The trial scene emerges as a biting caricature, as indeed does the entire topsy-turvy play. Though the subject matter is hardly suited to comedy, it is played in good taste, and the performers make their strange characters ingratiating. Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, and Juanita Hall are the outstanding members of the supporting cast. You'll laugh at this one, almost in spite of yourself!

Edward G. Robinson's return to Broadway after twenty-five years before the cameras reveals that he is a very fine stage player wasted in a very tawdry and unconvincing play. **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**, written by television's top writer, Paddy Chayefsky, rarely rises above the level of third-grade soap opera. It is the story of a middle-aged widower who falls in love with a 24-year-old girl on the verge of divorcing her husband. The differences in age, religion, and outlook are strongly stressed by their respective families as arguments against the marriage. All this to the accompaniment of "earthy" dialogue, a philosophy of life which is, at best, amoral, and an outlook in keeping with current "realistic" trends in the drama. Chayefsky's metier is the "common

of the girl whom he deems worthy of special attention. An absorbing drama, with a plentiful supply of humor to balance the serious, it is acted with sincerity and directed with Dennis Gurney's usual excellence. Paul Burgess, Susan Petrone, Roy Mousell, William Bramley, Billy Greene, Madge West, Bill Harahan, and Alice Kent are splendid, with Burgess showing particular promise as the zealous curate. An absorbing and enjoyable production, this is heartily recommended.

#### Cinerama #3

**SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD** is the title and theme of the third Cinerama production, a wide-screen odyssey in which some modern "wonders" are photographed with breath-taking realism and unusual effect. A vicarious travel thrill for those of us who will never sit in the cockpit of a globe-circling plane, it is without peer in the field, and a distinct improvement on its two Cineramic predecessors.

Although the "seams" are in evidence on the Cinerama screen, it interferes but slightly with the stunning beauty and genuine thrills as pilot Paul Mantz dips his plane into the crater of an African volcano, skims low over Amazonian jungle, circles the Pyramids, hovers over the Holy Land and Istanbul. Even when grounded, the Cinerama cameras pro-



Breath-taking color and ceremony combine to make an impressive film spectacle as religious procession led by the Papal guard leaves St. Peter's in this scene from "Seven Wonders of the World"

man," and in this instance the adjective is apt indeed. Robinson's portrayal of the lonely widower is convincing, as are all others in the cast. It is in the concept and development that this comedy-drama of a May-December romance fails.

Father Dominic Rover, O.P., brings a fresh writing style, keen dramatic perception, and a nice sense of comedy to *The Blackfriars Guild* with his play **AGE AND GRACE**. Set in the rectory of a city parish, it is a story of zeal and prudence in conflict as a young priest deals with the problem of a crippled girl who shows signs of being a mystic. The young priest, impatient with the mundane details of parish life, eager to concentrate on the more inspiring, spiritual beauty of his calling, comes into conflict with his pastor on the issue

duce striking effects: a narrow gauge railway in India, an abandoned city in Cambodia, or a fragile dance in Japan.

Climaxing the production, and well worth the full admission price, are the scenes filmed at the Vatican during the closing ceremonies of the Marian Year. Special permission was secured to photograph interior and exterior scenes at St. Peter's and those at Castel Gandolfo, where the Holy Father is photographed during a special audience. Few "visits" to the hub of Christendom have been as impressive, and this sequence alone is a distinct achievement for the Cinerama process and its mentor, Lowell Thomas.

*Seven Wonders of the World* is beautiful, thrilling, and unique. It is a film for everyone to see—at least once!



Photograph by Dan Coleman

## Missionary Cenacle Apostle

The Sign's  
**PEOPLE**  
of the month

So new is the idea of the lay apostolate to many people that the common impression of a "lay apostle" is that of a beardless youth carried away by enthusiasm. To such as these, a meeting with Margaret Healy, national custodian (lay director) of the Missionary Cenacle Apostolate, may come as something of a surprise. For Miss Healy has behind her many years of zealous, dedicated work in the Cenacle apostolate, a lay missionary movement that engages in every kind of apostolic activity from promoting retreats and taking parish censuses to helping the poor and restoring fallen-away Catholics to the household of the Faith. Founded in 1909 by Rev. Thomas Augustine Judge, C.M., the Cenacle apostolate is presently functioning actively in eighteen archdioceses and dioceses in the United States, Puerto Rico, and Cuba. Holder of a doctorate from Fordham University, Miss Healy teaches at Bryant High School in New York City. In all her work, she cannot forget the words of Father Judge: "You are called to do things which I cannot do as a priest. If I cannot do them and you will not do them, who will?"

## Paddy Gardenseed

Californian Aloysius Patrick Mozier, merchant marine engineer, is rapidly making a legend of himself as a modern, sea-going version of Johnny Appleseed. In the last six years, Mozier has distributed an estimated 600,000 packages of vegetable seeds to hungry people in underdeveloped lands on four continents as part of his one-man campaign to "paint the Red world green."

Mozier first became fired with the idea for his one-man Marshall Plan when, early in the Korean war, his ship docked in Pusan. If Mozier was shocked by the human misery he saw, so were a lot of other people. What distinguished the 51-year-old salty veteran of the seas is that he did something about it. With the aid of interested neighbors, friends, civic groups, and newspapers, he set about organizing the distribution of free seeds that could be planted in every available patch of ground wherever hunger stalked. Nor has he limited himself to giving away seeds; he has helped form several boys and girls clubs, patterned after American 4-H Clubs, and a leper colony as well, all in Asia. For his efforts, Mozier has won for himself and for his country the undying gratitude of those he has helped.

Wide World



*Mary Ann would come back home  
but on her own terms.*

# Of Long Ago

*by John Cunningham*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN LAWN

THE two carriage horses stamped in their stalls. The black one, Alice, put her head out of her little window and looked at Mary Ann in the playhouse, in the little grove of pink locust trees. Old Ben, the stableman, almost as dark as Alice, humped down the path through the grove, on his way from the house to the stable.

"Hi, Miss Mary Ann," he yelled. "Going home today?"

"Hi, Ben," Mary Ann said from inside the playhouse. Her voice was quiet, civil, and dignified, as befitted the daughter of a Dean of the University of Virginia in the year 1848. "Yes, today," Mary Ann said slowly. "Today I re-enter the family." She had been living in the playhouse for a month, and she felt afraid, now, of going back.

Sitting on the edge of her little cot, Mary Ann looked around for the last time. Already her grandmother, Nanyi, had taken everything out that could be saved.

The only things left were the small iron cot and the mattress. How bare and clean it seemed! But she knew it wasn't. Not after smallpox. Everything had to be burned.

"Couldn't we just scrub the playhouse with lye?" Nanyi had asked Dr. Kunz of the Medical Faculty, pleading with her sharp, energetic, up-country voice. They had all been in the stable tack room, having a conference, and had thought Mary Ann couldn't hear—but she had. Every word.

"Better burn it," Dr. Kunz said, moving his big head with its shaggy, gray hair from side to side.

"Yes, better burn it," Dean Driffield said in his big, deep voice.

"Oh, dear God, yes," Mummie said. "Oh, that horrible, dreadful, filthy disease!"

"Hush up," Nanyi said in her sharp, commanding voice. "Do you want Mary Ann to hear you? That's enough about dreadful and filthy. Be off! No fuss! I'll dress her and we'll come in quietly."

Mary Ann could hear Nanyi now, fixing the bath in the tack room, with Lucy, the cook, bringing pails of hot water from the house kitchen.

Mary Ann slowly lifted her right forefinger and felt one of the pock marks on her cheek. There were only three—but were they as deep as Nanyi's? Nanyi's face was pitted all over. It would be hard enough for

*Mary Ann turned. She faced them. She stood alone, far out there.*



L. S. Lowry

Mary Ann to be a charming, young southern gentlewoman, as she was expected to be, when she grew up—even without pocks.

"They don't matter, darling!" Nanyi had said. "They're just like dimples, almost, darling, one on each side and one on your chin." There were four more pocks on the backs of her hands.

**N**ANYI came tiredly up the path, carrying a pair of new slippers. She leaned against the doorway and smiled at Mary Ann, her wrinkles and pocks all crinkling up together. "Are you ready, darling?" Nanyi asked, smiling in a way that was almost like Mummie, behind all the wrinkles. "The bath's all nice and hot. Just think! Won't it be fun to be back in the big house with everybody?"

Mary Ann thought of all her brothers and sisters—Ned and Sarah, Tom, Don, Elizabeth, Dickie. They would see her as a stranger, with these pocks. She could hear the children now, laughing and shouting down by the creek. She pressed her hands against her stomach, and hid them in her nightgown.

She looked up suddenly, her eyes miserable and shy. "Nanyi," she asked in a tiny voice, almost a whisper. "Do I have to go back? Can't I just stay out here, with you?"

Nanyi came over quickly and sat down beside her. She put her arms around her. Mary Ann was crying.

"There, there, sweetheart," Nanyi said, rocking and patting. "There, there, darling." She held Mary Ann's head against her old breast and rocked and hummed, patting, and after a little while Mary Ann stopped crying.

"No, darling," Nanyi said. "One must go back. It's a duty. Be brave! No matter how bad it is, darling. I know how you feel, but they all love you, yes, they all love you. You may be sure of that."

"Yes, but I'm different now. It's not the same any more."

Nanyi sat quiet, trying to think. What was a person to do? After a while, she said, "Listen, darling, let me tell you something. I don't know much. But all a person needs is courage. Just be brave. That's all. And if you're scared, pray to God for courage, and He'll give you enough to get you through. Do you understand? Just get up and face everything. It doesn't do any good to hide or pretend things aren't so. A woman must be brave. You're almost seven, darling. You can understand that."

"You mean, even if I am different, to go ahead?"

"Yes."

Mary Ann sat up again, more on her own. "I want it to be the same, Nanyi," she said in a low, desperate voice. "As it was, before."

"It'll be the same, darling. We'll just go upstairs to your old room and play quietly until dinner, and then we'll have dinner in bed, and then all the children will come up and see you."

"No," Mary Ann said quietly, looking straight ahead. "I don't want to give them a chance to pretend—do you understand? When I re-enter the family, I will do it all at once." She stood up. "I will get dressed up. I want my best clothes. My peach organdy dress, and my white dancing shoes, and my white socks, and my winter coat with the beaver collar, and my winter hat with the beaver trimming, and my beaver muff."

"And I want you to make them all line up on the front porch, Nanyi. All the children, and Mummie, and Daddy. And Ben and Lucy. At four o'clock.

"And I will get all dressed up," Mary Ann said with a terrible leaden quietness, "and walk around to the street, and I will walk all the way down the walk, up to the front porch where they are, and then I will see in their faces—if I am different. I'll come at tea-time—four o'clock."

Nanyi looked at her for a moment. "You're right, darling," she said. "It's better to see the whole thing, at once."

"And then," Mary Ann said, "if I do it this way, when I'm in, I'll be in. I don't want to go sneaking up the back stairs."

Nanyi stood up. "I'll tell everybody to be ready, Mary Ann. They'll all be waiting. At four."

"Yes," Mary Ann said, looking as though her stomach had caved in, her hands tight in front of her. "Please, Nanyi—don't forget my muff!"

She followed Nanyi to her bath.

Nanyi came down the back stairs of the house carrying Mary Ann's choicest things over her arm, stepping carefully down the steep steps, hearing the voices of her daughter and the cook in the kitchen.

The perspiration dripped down Nanyi, and she felt a leaden desperation. The trouble was Dean Daniel Driffield. He would rather be shot dead than leave his office before four-thirty or break any other rule. But today, he would have to be home by four.

She leaned against the staircasing in the pantry. "It isn't, dear Lord," she said, "as though I were in favor here. It isn't as though my son-in-law were fond of me. You know how delicate I have to step. You know how Daniel resents me—how even Ben looks down

on me, because I come from across the mountains. Just please help me once more, to put this last thing over, and get Daniel home for her homecoming. That's all I ask. And the cake."

She pulled herself together, hoisted her sagging back up straight and marched deliberately through the pantry into the kitchen.

"The cake's for Mary Ann," she said to Lucy.

"She's got it into her head that she's an outcast," Martha said, tears coming to her eyes.

"A three-layer cake," Nanyi said.

"Three layuh," Lucy croaked. "Bah foa? Yas'm."

"With almond icing and fifty candles. Martha, can you find those American flags we had on the Fourth?"

"And no wood cut," Lucy said. She got the wood basket and went out the backdoor. "Ben!" she cried—it was a kind of hoarse, melodious baying.

"And will you get the children all home, Martha?" Nanyi asked her daughter. "We'll bathe them."

"Oh, dear. They'll all be filthy. Wouldn't it be as well, if they were just dirty? More natural? If I bathe them now, I'll just have to do it again tonight. They're pretending beavers in the creek."

"Absolutely clean," Nanyi said. Already, she felt exhausted. At her age, it was hard to keep going under forced draft, pushing people ahead, for any length of time.

Martha put her hands to her eyes. "Don't you think Mary Ann is being a little exacting? A little spoiled?"

"No," Nanyi said. "She is not spoiled. She has pocks, and she's afraid you all won't love her any more. She's putting you all to the proof."

"Oh, good gracious. All right. I'll get Ben to go down and collect the children. And flags and cake. Is there anything else?"

"Yes. The little cannon. And Daniel. Her father must be here."

**M**ARTHA opened her eyes wide and lost the tired look. "Absolutely no. You know he never leaves the office before four-thirty."

"He'll have to today. It's fixed in her mind—four o'clock. It's four o'clock or never, to her."

"This is absurd," Martha said. "All for a child's whim."

"It is not absurd. You'll have to go fetch him."

"No, absolutely no. You know the rule. Nobody, absolutely nobody, puts his foot in that office for family reasons."

"He's the Dean, isn't he?" Nanyi

shripped suddenly. "Can't he do what he wants?"

"That's just why he can't," Martha said. "That's his law—no personal affairs during his office hours."

"I don't care," Nanyi burst out shrilly. "The child's father is the most important one of us all. Daniel's to be here at four, out on that porch. He's the head of the family. If he isn't here, it would be better to skip the whole thing—and that's impossible. Don't you understand that, Martha?"

They stood looking at each other, each desperate in her own way. Nanyi looked at her daughter's beautiful face. Had Martha ever had the slightest doubt that she was loved? It was very unlikely; and she lacked something because of it.

"You will simply have to go and get him," Nanyi said, spacing her words. "No," Martha said doggedly. "I can't. You don't know Daniel."

Why couldn't she understand? One must have no doubt at all that one was loved, at the age of six. Later, a woman could stand it. She herself had stood it. But she had been twenty-three when she'd had the smallpox, and had watched the look of coldness rising in her hus-

band's eyes. Poor man, he couldn't help it, he had tried to hide it, the coldness and growing dislike he couldn't help feeling as he looked at her scarred face. Well, he had been that sort of shallow man, and she had stood up to it, as his heart inevitably closed, even against his own will. But Mary Ann was only six.

"Martha," Nanyi said quietly, "you go down to the University now and tell Daniel he has to be home at four sharp. If he isn't here, Mary Ann will take it as a judgment. He must be here. We couldn't do anything to make up for his absence."

Fear tried to conceal itself in Martha's face. "No," she said in a small voice.

Nanyi advanced a step. "Put on your hat and go," she said, her eyes intense. "Show a little courage, for once. Tell that big classical professor of yours you have a spine of your own."

Martha laughed suddenly, high and shrilly, shakily.

Nanyi stood and looked at her. "He's made a coward out of you, hasn't he?" she said. "He makes cowards out of everybody. Look at the associate professors! He'd make one out of me, if I didn't fight him just to keep my courage up."

A shadow of self-respect, of indignation struggled up in Martha's eyes. "How can you be so cruel?" she asked, her voice full of tears. "I only try to be a good wife and do what he says. Sometimes I think he's right, sometimes I think you should go and live by yourself down in Charlottesville."

Nanyi's face didn't change much—just a tiny lowering of the eyelids, a dulling of the eyes; as though, within her, a candle had been blown out.

A new desperation rose in Martha's face as she saw her mother's back and shoulders drop a little. "I said I'd never mention it again," she cried, "after the last time. But how can it help from coming up? Why must you be so arrogant, Mama?"

Nanyi said nothing. She was looking vacantly at nothing, downward.

"Why?" Martha cried in the silence. Anything was better than the silence, the look of timidity in her mother's face. She couldn't let it drop; it was as though by picking it up again and striking her once more, but less hard, she could lessen the hurt of her first blow. "This whole thing has come up simply because you want to push everybody around."

*His face was bright red. "How dare you—" he began*



Nanyi said nothing.

"Why can't you be gentle? Meek? Then everybody would love you. It's all very well to come from the Valley, but must you be a mountaineer forever? We want to love you, mama," Martha said, bewildered, hating every word she said. "But you make it so difficult. Especially for Daniel. You know how he hates opposition."

"I know," Nanyi said quietly. "He's got the whole University by the neck."

"Then why can't you be tactful? If you don't want to go live in a boarding house, why, he'd even get you a house-keeper, mama, you know that. If you can't do that, why can't you at least?"

She stood there with her mouth open. She had been going to say "stay in your room," and the incredibility of it had silenced her.

Nanyi said, her voice very old, "Perhaps you're right." She turned and slowly went out the back door.

THE lawn was green and smooth as velvet, and the tiny leaves opening; all over the great trees made a mist of translucent yellow. The colonnades of round, white pillars stood at attention facing each other.

She turned in at Classic Studies. It was all white casework, dark floors, and polished brass.

A small, spry individual with a high, stiff collar left a desk and came toward her through the general gloom.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," the Dean's secretary said, then he recognized her.

"I want to see him," she said.

The Secretary's eyes grew cold and vacant with apprehension. "I'm afraid he's busy, Ma'am. A student conference. Perhaps I—"

"Have the goodness to announce me," Nanyi said loudly, her voice cruel and remorseless, and stood there, small and bent in her black dress.

The door of the Dean's office opened slowly, and Daniel stood there, large, dark, and motionless, looking at her across the bowed head of the secretary.

"Good afternoon, Daniel," she said across the polished distance, trying to keep her voice from shaking. Daniel looked at the motionless secretary. The secretary's head was bowed; his thin shoulders were just slightly raised in a fixed shrug. Daniel's face turned pink.

"I must speak with you," Nanyi said. She pulled herself up straighter.

"I will be home at twenty minutes to five," Daniel said quietly.

"This is an emergency," she said. Please help me, God, she said to herself. I'm ready to make my sacrifice, if You make him do it.

"I'm sorry," Daniel said. "It will have



"Nanyi," she asked, "do I have to go back?"

to wait. I cannot allow University rules to be broken. No personalities are allowed the faculty during official hours. I will not disedify the students."

"I'm sorry too," she said, and went toward him, "but this time, the rule must be broken."

She walked up to him and looked up, straight into his eyes. His face was bright red. He stood out of the way and let her go into his office. He closed the door and turned to face her. "How dare you—" he began.

"Mary Ann wants you at home," she said.

"Mary Ann?" he asked. He looked a little bewildered. "Is she all right? She isn't ill again?" The red faded. He was a big man, with bushy eyebrows and a heavy, powerful face, but his brown eyes looked timid for a moment.

"No, she's coming back into the house this afternoon. She wants you to meet her on the front steps at four o'clock."

"She can wait till five." The red was building up again.

"She's got it in her head for four. It's highly important. It cannot be put off."

"That's mad," he said.

"No, it isn't," she said. "It may be childish, but it is not mad."

"You tell Mary Ann I will be home at twenty to five, as usual, and that her father says to wait."

"The children will be all dressed up at four. You are to fire the little cannon

when she comes up the front walk. It must be very formal, Daniel. The children will cheer and wave their flags. You must be there, or it will all fall apart. Don't you see?"

"I see one thing," he said. "You have maneuvered yourself into my family until you are now the head of it. You push your daughter around and are trying to work on me through her, and now when she won't do your will, but tries to obey me, you march down here and break my rules and try to force your way. I know, because she sent Ben with a note. That's what I see."

"So you won't."

"No, I won't. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't, as a matter of principle. I have to maintain my authority, both here and in the family. You have made an issue of it."

"Yes, I know that, Daniel. But I have an offer which may make it worth your while. I will leave your house and go to live by myself. In a boarding house down town. It doesn't matter where. I will tell everyone I need the quiet. That's my offer, if you will do this for Mary Ann's homecoming."

He looked at her intently, and she looked back at him.

"I have an obligation to take care of you," he said. "I have never failed an obligation."

"Don't worry about that," she said. "I will make it quite clear that I am leaving of my own choice. And I am

perfectly sincere, Daniel. You've always objected to my presence."

He studied her, and she studied him. Did he have any idea of what it had cost her? Did he know what it would be like, living alone, to wake in the morning and lie in a strange bed and not hear the voices of her grandchildren? Did he know what it was like to be old, to be far away—two miles down in the town—from the ones she loved; to be outside the current of their life, used up, cast off? Of course he didn't. Any more than he knew what it meant to Mary Ann to have him there, waiting. How could he? He had never been disfigured, had never seen the eyes of one he loved turn cold. He was big and tough, used to controlling wild and unruly young men. How could he understand?

And if he took her up, how was she going to stand it? No longer to see the children sleeping in their little beds, to go down in the middle of the night, when she could not sleep, and stand watching them, loving them; no longer to hold them when they cried, or chase them to make them laugh; to tell stories by the hour, to go for walks. And they would forget her, soon. That would be the worst—to come on far-spaced visits and to sit there, a stranger among them.

But she had stood it once, being cut off, cut out, of a heart. She was good for this one more thing, for Mary Ann.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll be there at four."

**H**OW far away was the street! Mary Ann looked at Mummie's watch, which she had borrowed. It was five minutes to four.

She came out of the locust trees and, walking very slowly, went up the narrow brick path, past the side door of the house, past the maple tree toward the privet hedge in front.

Her two hands hid, perspiring, clutching each other, inside her beaver muff. She wobbled as she walked so slowly. Her knees trembled and her white shoes shone in the sun.

She took a deep breath and started across the lawn.

From the front porch, they all saw her come out from behind the corner of the house and start across the grass, and they waited, almost breathless, all the children lined up in their best clothes, bright and shining, each holding a small American flag. Behind them all stood mummie and daddy, and behind them stood Nanyi, and then Lucy and Ben. The flags hung dead in the hot, still air.

Then Mary Ann reached the street and turned, at the end of the long, wide front walk with its herringbone bricks.

She faced them. She stood alone, far out there, her winter hat pulled down level with her eyebrows in front, firmly, immovably, like the helmet of a warrior facing the enemy. Her white shoes gleamed and she seemed very small in the winter coat and organdy dress, with the round muff held tightly.

Then she came forward, toward them, slowly, walking quietly, with dignity, as befit the daughter of a Dean and a southern gentlewoman. She teetered once and paused, righting herself, and everyone on the porch caught his breath.

On she came, and they all stood waiting, caught in suspense, mouths smiling, breaths held, waiting for Nanyi's signal. The little ones held their flags, raised eagerly in the air, ready to wave.

On she came, one white foot after the other, slowly, neatly, with dignity.

Nanyi said, quietly: "Now."

The toy cannon fired, the children cheered, screaming and yelling, waving their flags, and mummie cried "Welcome home, welcome home!" and daddy shouted "Welcome home, Mary Ann!" in his big, booming voice.

"Hurray for Mary Ann!" the children shouted, dancing up and down on the steps, and Mary Ann stood there, her hands slowly coming out of the muff, a smile beginning.

The children broke ranks and poured down the walk, swarming around her, cheering, hugging, kissing, and mummie and daddy ran after them, with mummie crying and daddy's big, tough, classical

face cracked through the middle by a wide, country grin.

Slowly and quietly, Nanyi loaded the little cannon and fired it once more. She looked down at Mary Ann, like a queen bee, surrounded by her swarm. Mary Ann had come home.

**N**ANYI was packing, slowly, that evening, in her little room at the back of the second floor.

Somebody knocked at the door. She opened it. Daniel stood there, holding a candle, big in the gloom of the hallway.

He saw the clothing in her hand, the cowhide trunk on the floor behind her.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She looked at him. "Why? A bargain's a bargain."

The single candle lighted his face. His jaw was just as big and heavy as ever, but his voice was quiet, and his mouth smiled, and his eyes were kind.

"I came up here to ask you to forget it. Will you? Mary Ann wants you to kiss her good night and tuck her in. And I—perhaps I've been a little rigid, a little overbearing—on everybody. I would like to say—" his face turned a little pink, he looked a little confused, and then took a breath—"I want to thank you for nursing Mary Ann. And I want to say, with all respect to Dr. Kunz' vaccines, that science will never find a substitute for a noble and courageous heart, or a sensitive appreciation of other people's needs. I want you to stay with us," he said. "Will you?"

She looked at him. How far away, how long ago, her own husband's eyes had looked at her, at her pock-marked face, their look growing remote and cool, trying to conceal his distaste. How little the eye could see, or the ear hear, of each one's heart; what pity she felt now, remembering those helpless, miserable eyes, which had not been able to see beyond the face and so grew cold and dim while the doors of his heart slowly closed, just because she had become ugly.

She looked at the warm, kindly, almost timid eyes of the big man before her. It was a kind of making up, in a way. The thing that was in the eyes was home.

"Yes," she said. "Thank you, Daniel."

The big man smiled. He went, leaving the door open.

She looked at the open door, remembering the eyes and the heart which had closed against her long ago. And then she went into the hall through the open door, to kiss Mary Ann good night, back into the hearts of all the ones she loved. And it was as though she too, after all those years, had come back home into another heart, of long ago.



**Travel by Air**

► An oldtimer in a small Alabama town was standing on the street corner watching ominous black clouds gathering in the west, when a stranger standing next to him remarked, "I don't like to say it, but those clouds look just like some we had back in Texas one time just before a tornado hit."

"Was it a bad 'un?" the Alabaman asked.

"Bad?" the Texan replied. "How the heck you figure I come to be in Alabama?"

—Birmingham News Magazine

A SIGN PICTURE ESSAY

Photographs by Edward Wallowitch

*Children are  
what the mothers are*  
—LANDOR



# The Face of Childhood

*In an unusual set of portraits, a young photographer catches  
the changing face of childhood—joyous, sorrowful, and serene*



*When the voices of children are heard on the green  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast  
And everything else is still*

—WILLIAM BLAKE



*A silent face has voice and words*

—OVID

*Childhood has no forebodings;  
but then it is soothed  
by no memories of outlived sorrow*

—GEORGE ELIOT



*When I was young, I said to Sorrow,  
“Come and I will play with thee!”*

—AUBREY THOS. DE VERE

*Ah, there are no children anymore*

—MOLIERE



IGN





*And thus I say to little English boy:  
When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,  
  
I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.*

—WILLIAM BLAKE

# Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

## The December Cover

LAST WEEK I had a long talk with a woman known for her knowledge of art and especially interested in modern art. During this month I have also had three letters on modern art, but the opinions in these are greatly at variance with those of the art critic. She spoke generally; they are specific about one piece of art—the Nativity scene on the December cover of this magazine.

I don't entirely agree with them or with her and shall enter the argument on that basis. I am doing a dangerous thing, however, for I thus occupy a position between opposing camps and can easily be hit by either side.

Objections to, and admiration for, the newer forms of art are, I suppose, fairly evenly divided, but I note that those who study and really understand art come out strongly for the Christmas painting, while the rest, the ones who know what they don't like and are illiterates in art in the classical sense, don't like this depiction of Our Lady. I am myself one of these illiterates but am not wholeheartedly with them in this case.

What I cannot understand is the violent resentment their letters show. Even though I don't know the intricacies of art, I do like the face and general appearance of Our Lady in the picture. But I don't like it in connection with the Nativity, where Our Lady was a young girl and which was certainly a happy occasion. If one transfers this woeful figure to the Crucifixion, it seems to me it would be very congruous indeed, for it is—to me—the picture of a suffering woman who has the anguish of the world in her face. But Christmas is a gay holiday, for it is a coming of light and love. Even the Resurrection, for all its joy, is a going away and has not the uncomplicated joy of the Nativity.

I cannot line up with those who think, as one letter to me said, that this is a sacrilegious cover. It is very obvious that it is painted with reverence, and the word sacrilege is rather a silly word to use. But I also think that it would never have roused such feelings had it been placed at the Cross. For there belong the anguish and pain in the face.

Perhaps I am all wrong here, but if I am, the artists are too. I have sometimes had one of these complicated and seemingly un-understandable modern pictures explained to me, and it does make sense. But I wonder—is the mission of art to paint things only the illuminati can understand?

## Catholic Art

THE WHOLE MATTER used to be to some extent academic regarding Catholic art. There is such a profusion of old masters still on hand that we have not been without plenty to draw on. And the sentimental have always had plenty of the kind of pictures that drive others wild—the saccharine, the portrayals of Our Lord in the temple as a child, a baby face with long yellow curls, a Saint John with equally long tresses, statues which have no reality at all, faces with no character yet of people who in their lives must have had a great deal.

The lady who knows art and loves this picture of Our

Lady told me to remember that various ages depicted her in various ways. The painters of a lush and rich era gave her wonderful velvets to wear and the backgrounds of great houses. A simpler age gave her a plainer reality, a hut instead of a palace, simple robes instead of silks. But always, she pointed out, the paintings were done with love. It was merely that they were giving her the best of their day. Today we are in an era of trouble and pain and difficulty, she says; we have the material wealth, too, but she thinks it shows a high perceptiveness that makes our artists paint Our Lady thus, right in a wealthy and luxurious era.

Generally speaking I do agree with her and can in a way see her point, for it is true that it is poets and artists who are most sensitive to the times they live in and sense its reality.

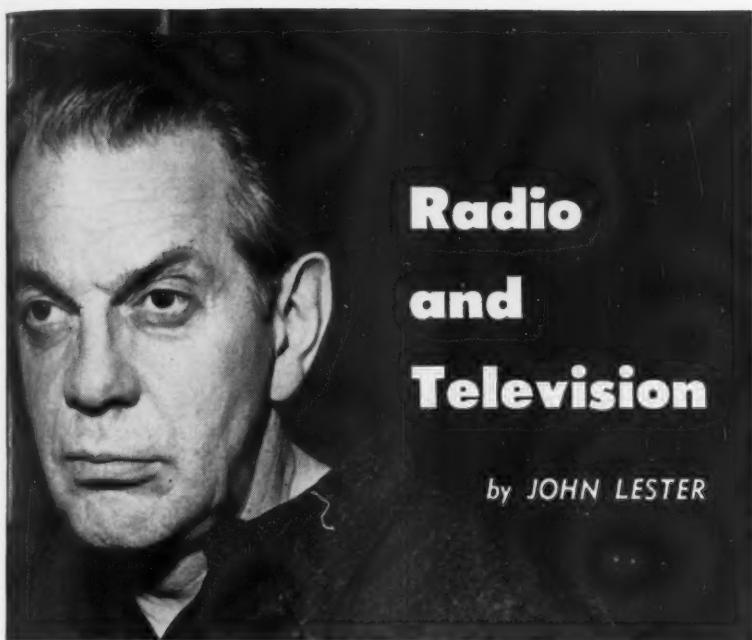
## Saints Retouched

IN A WAY HER argument ties up with another argument concerning the retouching of photographs of certain saints and holy people to make them look better than they really did—and here too the excuse is affection. The retouched picture of Thérèse of Lisieux has caused much comment. One photograph shows her sick and thin, and in copies of this they are retouched to make her look pretty as she once was. Why I do not know, except some want to think of her as a sweet child who spent much time scattering rose leaves.

Years ago, in a church in France, I saw a long array of statues. They looked alike in face; it was hard to tell a man from a woman save that some of the expressionless faces wore beards. Yet, when I looked at the names cut in the marble bases, these were great saints of the Church, thinkers and doers, martyrs—but all looking exactly alike and showing none of their pain or sorrow or joy.

After Mother Katharine Drexel died, a number commemorating her was printed in the magazine of her congregation, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Scattered on the pages were pictures of her, as a child, as a young woman, very attractive and with a round face that looked out on a life that was pleasant and full of the material as well as the spiritual riches of life. One was of an older woman, the girl's gaiety gone but replaced by a warm smile that lighted the thoughtful face. And one was of a woman grown old; it showed clearly that the body was tired, but the intent awareness was still there, the vivid interest. This picture could easily have been altered a little. But it would have been spoiled then, for her best is there, in the wonderful picture of a woman who grew old in the service of God.

I think a picture like the one of Our Lady to which I referred earlier comes with too great a shock to those who want joy and happiness in their Christmas presentations. But at the same time, I have a feeling that there is a deeper meaning here which perhaps I missed completely. I know that art for art's sake is the highest aim to many, but it seems to me that art which is intended to be seen by a great many people who know nothing about the classic meanings of art should be clear and not an allegory which has to be explained. I feel that a painting intended for many should not be understandable to only a few.



## Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

Raymond Massey is host and narrator in the TV documentary series, "I Spy"

HERE WE GO AGAIN with another annual list of the best shows on TV, and may the letters in response, pro and contra, fall where they will.

Lists of this kind aren't as easily compiled as they once were, by the way, because of the tremendous increase in programming quality, although none of the fun in matching opinions with readers and others has been lost.

For one thing, TV's general increase in quality has made it difficult to select single entries in certain categories, so the only fair solution is a grouping.

The best one-time program or special category, for example, must include *The Petrified Forest*, with Humphrey Bogart, Henry Fonda, and Lauren Bacall; *Peter Pan*, with Mary Martin; *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, with Lloyd Nolan and Barry Sullivan; and *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Margot Fonteyn.

Each was outstanding in its own way and all are so different that an honest, accurate comparison is impossible.

However, it's easy to select *The Sleeping Beauty* as the best classical presentation of 1955, and by far.

More groupings are necessary in two other categories, the documentary and human-interest shows.

In the former, *You Are There*, *Confidential File*, *Medic*, *The Search*, and *See It Now* deserve to be bunched at the top. Each is unusual or outstanding in several ways and each has something the other lacks.

Human-interest honors go to Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life* and Edward R. Murrow's *Person To Person* series.

In the drama division, my choice for the best series is *The Alcoa Hour*, although I look for *Playwrights '56* to come into strong contention this season, what with all that talent, money, and material at its disposal.

*Disneyland* has to be considered tops in the best childrens' show category and, for my money, *Meet the Press* continues as the best public affairs program on TV, a position it has held for many years.

*The Ed Sullivan Show*, formerly *Toast of the Town*, again stands alone as the best of TV variety, and *News Caravan*, with John Cameron Swayze, is still the class entry in the news group. This latter series seemed due for a drop from first place at the beginning of 1955 when several promising news shows appeared around the country. However, either these didn't develop as expected or the Swayze series picked up—probably a little of each was accountable—but "The Caravan" managed to wind up on top once more.

Gillette's *Cavalcade of Sports* is again this department's selection as the best sports series, too, because of its coverage in quantity of baseball, football, boxing, and other major and minor sports.

Bishop Fulton Sheen's *Life is Worth Living* series still rates as the best in the

religious category with no real competition in sight. *Dragnet*, even though it has slipped in the ratings lately, is still the best cops-and-robbers entry, and Danny Thomas' *Make Room for Daddy* and *I Love Lucy* are tied for first as the best family-situation shows.

### "Hit Parade" Wins, Too

As TV musicals go, nothing can touch *Your Hit Parade* for imaginative production and all-around excellence.

George Gobel, who has also slipped more than somewhat this year, remains the No. One funny-man of the nation, nevertheless, and Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life* retains its place as the best quizzer on TV.

Even at this distance, I can hear the gasps of surprise and disappointment from fans of *The \$64,000 Question*, and they are understandable. But *You Bet Your Life* has been a top-rated quizzier for six years while "Question" is a newcomer and is already showing signs of a loss of viewer-interest.

However, "Question" certainly deserves special mention as the best new show of 1955, principally for the tremendous stimulus it supplied the entire TV industry during the first few months of its run and for inspiring many big-money imitators.

*Omnibus* also deserves special mention for its continuing efforts to break through into areas of new programming ideas. I frequently disagree with the results achieved by this series, but the fact that its producers are apparently trying to find the answers to TV's future is commendable.

Something similar should be said for *Wide, Wide World*, which is showing the way to the TV industry technique-wise, just as *Omnibus* is showing it programming-wise.

### "I Spy" Scores

*I Spy*, an interesting new dramatic-documentary series of espionage stories, is already among the leaders in its category in spite of its newness on the TV scene.

Syndicated and produced by Guild Films, which also produces the Liberace, Frankie Laine, *Joe Palooka*, and *Confidential File* series, among others, *I Spy* stars Raymond Massey as "Anton, the Symphister," who hosts and narrates each half-hour.



**EXPANDS "READINGS"**—Charles Laughton, veteran radio-video star, plans to expand his top-rated series this year, starting with a spectacular, "Don Juan in Hell," with Broadway cast

**TV LOVERS**—Bing Crosby and English star Julie Andrews as lovers separated by 400 years in "spectacular" presentation of Broadway hit, "High Tor," on the "Ford Star Jubilee"



**GAEILIC STAR**—Brian Donlevy, whose name is "O'Duinnshleibhe" in Gaelic, will make a film of his TV series, "Dangerous Assignment," in which he is a friend of the underdog

Massey appears as a mysterious figure, a self-styled "retired spy," a man who has "lived too long" and, from an anonymous house on an unnamed street, he guides the viewer through each weekly adventure to its conclusion.

In a way, this is a new role for Mr. Massey, who is probably best-known to the American public for his Lincoln portrayals on TV, radio, stage, and screen. I must say he's well cast as "Anton," however, and looks for all the world like a man of intrigue and dangerous and, sometimes, sinister dealings.

Although "Anton" is fictional, the other secret agents whose exploits he narrates and explains are not. They are real people who belong to many countries and many periods of history.

Some are well known, like Mata Hari, Benedict Arnold, and Nathan Hale, although most aren't, the espionage business being what it is.

An excellent quality film, *I Spy* is being produced in New York at a cost of \$25,000 per half-hour episode. To this substantial budget, Guild has added a top cast, an outstanding production staff, and a dozen good writers.

The results are a series of authentic and highly informative drama-documentaries.

#### "WWW" Pioneering

"WWW" is an unusual pioneering series, the full effects of which probably won't be felt and appreciated for several years. Unfortunately, one can't get too clear an idea as to what this program is accomplishing at the moment merely

by a study of surface values because TV's technical advances are still far ahead of its artistic developments.

Last, but not least, is the outstanding personality category, in which Liberace must rate as the king-pin.

The pianist-comic has many detractors, I know, but these are more than balanced by his millions of fans. Even aside from this, the fellow is a shrewd showman. Give him credit for coming out of nowhere, getting to the top, and staying there a long time.

The network of 1955 has to be ABC-TV, which has programmed wisely and well much of the time, spent a great deal of money, and demonstrated enough imagination and ingenuity to give the big boys, NBC and CBS, a real run for their money.

ABC-TV's spectacular move into top contention has meant competition, and competition is always stimulating and good for all, in this particular instance especially the viewing public.

#### The '56 Conventions

The TV networks are already setting up for the 1956 national political conventions, which won't be held until mid-summer, and they're having nothing but trouble.

This is due to the GOP's decision to convene in San Francisco, while the Democrats will get together in Chicago five days later, which doesn't allow sufficient time for the webs to transport tons of delicate TV equipment and the men to operate it.

The only solution seems to be two

separate installations which, if possible, will be frightfully expensive.

It would be simpler, of course, if the two major parties would agree to convene in the same city, but both have refused to change their plans.

Meanwhile, the Republican Party has sent this disclaimer to the radio and TV networks covering its convention: "This sponsorship in no way implies endorsement of the product (mentioned on the broadcast or telecast) by the Republican Party."

Accompanying instructions insist that it be read before and/or after all commercials.

The Democrats are expected to follow suit.

#### Home-Sewing on TV

As a special service to the growing ranks of the nation's home-sewers who produce some 100,000,000 garments annually, NBC-TV's *Today*, *Home*, and *Tonight* shows have embarked on a series of editorial features relating thereto.

The features will continue through 1956 and will bring to this country's 38,000,000 home-sewers the latest news of trends in fashions, advances in sewing techniques, material and sewing supplies, as well as new patterns and sewing projects created especially for home-maker-sewers from coast-to-coast.

One week each month is being devoted to a step-by-step demonstration of a new sewing project from beginning to end.

It's interesting to note, by the way, that this TV recognition of the home-



**LIGHT O' LOVE**—Elisabeth Fraser as "Master Sgt. Joan Hogan," romantic interest of "Sgt. Ernie Bilko," on "You'll Never Get Rich," starring Phil Silvers

**MOST BEAUTIFUL**—Phyllis Kirk, star of many dramatic shows, has been named the "Most Beautiful Girl in TV" by a national committee of industry columnists and critics. Any objections?



sewing rage has come after it has graduated to the select circle of billion-dollar-a-year industries!

#### A Better Mousetrap?

The Manchester Guardian (England) recently carried this item, which should raise a lot of eyebrows on this side of the Atlantic:

"If you've got mice or rats, there's nothing like a TV set for getting rid of them."

"You may not believe it, but TV causes some vibrations humans can't hear. They can be heard by rodents, however, and apparently have a frightening effect since mice and rats won't stay in a house where there's a TV set!"

#### Berle "Mr. Broadway"?

It looks as though new honors are coming to Milton Berle.

At least a week of testimonials and other ceremonies in the veteran TV star's honor were being planned for spring, probably in early April, as this went to press. If and when, they will be climaxed by Berle's being named "Mr. Broadway" at the conclusion of a mass meeting and entertainment gala in which hundreds of stars will participate in Times Square!

It's being planned as the biggest outdoor show ever held.

The committee at work on details consists of leading show business luminaries and business and political leaders, with New York's Mayor Robert Wagner as its chairman.

The idea behind this unusual recogni-

tion is more personal and sentimental than promotional and is intended as a tribute to Berle's long career as a top star, one who has inspired hundreds and entertained millions.

#### "Here Comes Tobor"

Plans for a novel filmed series, *Here Comes Tobor*, are complete and the first few episodes will begin showing around the country any day.

The series will deal with the adventures of a mechanical man ("Tobor"), who reacts "physically" and "psychologically" to outside stimuli and who is the companion and "instrument" of a small boy.

Mechanical men have been used on TV before, but this will be the first time one will figure as the principal and permanent character in a series.

The series' producers will also take full advantage of latest developments in electronics in operating and presenting "Tobor" on TV and have so far spent nearly \$100,000 in research and actual construction.

#### In Brief

Orson Welles will play the producer on *The Ford Star Jubilee* production of *20th Century* on CBS-TV, April 7. . . . Donald O'Connor is set to film *The Buster Keaton Story*. . . . Merle Oberon replaced Yvonne De Carlo, who replaced Errol Flynn, as narrator for *The Legionnaire* tele-series. She'll play a newspaper woman assigned to cover trouble in North Africa. . . . Walt Disney is plan-

ning a full-length cartoon version of *Mother Goose* for TV and theater showings. He'll also begin work on a religious series very soon. . . . *Medic* has the rights to the Christy Brown best-seller, *My Left Foot*, and will do it in two parts. . . . Noel Coward's next CBS-TV outing will be May 5, probably a spectacular presentation of *Present Laughter*. . . . Charles Coburn starring in a BBC-TV series in London. . . . Red Skelton has been signed by RKO to star in *Public Pigeon No. One*, which he originally did for CBS-TV's *Climax!* series several months ago. . . . U.S. Propaganda chiefs have broadcasting's top technicians working on a sensational new device that guarantees 100 per cent penetration of The Iron Curtain. It may precipitate an international incident when it goes into operation!

Carl Brisson at work on another TV series, titled *Romance is Where You Find It*. . . . Just for the record: TV's Blossom Rock is Jeannette MacDonald's sister. . . . John Agar is turning singer for radio and TV appearances. Not a bad voice, either. . . . NBC-TV has Moscow's OK to film a color documentary inside Russia, and CBS is trying to get Edward R. Murrow past the Iron Curtain for similar reasons. . . . Ray Bolger is now offering the TV webs a new, weekly, hour-long, musical series titled *Greenwich Village Inn*. Same stars the dancing-comic as emcee of a small night club. . . . Jack Webb and Warner Bros. are huddling over another motion picture to follow *Dragnet*, which was a smash in theaters, and *Pete Kelly's Blues*, which was anything but a smash. . . . Charlie Farrell, who made a successful show business comeback in *My Little Margie*, will star in a new tele-series, *The Treasure Hunter*. This will have his Palm Springs, Calif., Racquet Club for background, etc. . . . Just for the record: Red Skelton went from 45th place in the ratings last year to 2nd place this year in the most recent tabulations! A fabulous comeback.

The new, low-priced color TV sets are due on the market any day. Paramount has one ready to go for \$400 that can be attached to any regular black-and-white set. . . . Hal Roach is trying to collect a new group of youngsters for an *Our Gang Comedy* series to be filmed especially for TV. The idea dawned when the old series scored such a hit. . . . Watch the three major TV networks go all-out to re-program Friday night, the weakest in the week. In one move, NBC may expand the Robert Montgomery Theatre to ninety minutes and switch it from Monday to Friday.



# *who's a*

TWO YEARS AGO, a score of senior citizens—persons of sixty-five and up—were invited to discuss the "problems of old age and retirement" at the annual conference on aging at the University of Michigan.

One by one, the snow-topped orators, all men and most of them former factory hands, told their sad stories.

"Old age without work is hell," one said.

"It's a case," another said, "of how long can you sit on the porch or in front of a television screen without going nuts!"

Then a wrinkled eighty-year-old got to his feet. In the course of his remarks, he held up a picture. It was a striking example of what is called marine photography. He had been taking such photos, he said, ever since his retirement as a tool and gauge grinder fifteen years before.

"Many years before that," he revealed, "a touch of flu kept me out of the factory for a few days. I was half sick, half well, and thoroughly bored, and I remember loafing round the house and asking myself, 'Is this the way retirement is going to be?'

"Then and there," the old man went on, "I started looking for a hobby, an avocation, something I could fall back on after my company put me out to pasture at the retirement age of sixty-five."

In his search, he said, he read books. He attended classes at a center for adult

by MILTON LOMASK

*Photographs by Jacques Lowe*

# 'afraid of old age?

education. He studied all sorts of subjects.

"Somewhere along the line," he recalled, "I ran into and was fascinated by marine photography. For the rest of my working days, I spent my spare time looking into it. The day I retired, I bought a camera. I've been snapping pictures of the sea ever since. It's kept me hopping too. Last Christmas I turned down an invitation to spend the day with my daughter and her family. I had too many projects afoot. Besides, another marine photographer was spending part of the day with me. I've taken pictures all over the world. Sold them too; at least enough of them to finance my trips. And I'm right here to tell you, gentlemen, that the last fifteen years have been one, long, glorious picnic!"

The old boy sat down to a pandemonium of applause. He deserved it. He had discovered the fountain of youth, the simple fact that the way to outwit old age is to prepare for it. Says Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, one of the country's top authorities on geriatrics, the branch of medicine concerned with the health of the elderly:

"Thousands of Americans in their sixties, seventies, eighties, and even nineties are living useful and happy lives. There's a reason for it, and it's always the same reason. No full, rich, fruitful life in late maturity is ever an accident. In every case, it is the result of planned effort."

The problems of old age are in the public eye because more people are living longer than ever before. Back in the good old days, the average American avoided growing old by the simple device of dying young. As late as 1850, a baby could look forward, actuarially speaking, to only some forty years. Half a century later, in 1900, the life expectancy figure had noseyed up to a short, sweet forty-eight.

Then overnight the scene shifted. Came the "wonder drugs," now some 600-strong; plus improvements in public health methods, plus new knowledge of nutrition and an arsenal of improved medical techniques. Today the life-expectancy figure is sixty-eight, which in plain English means that you and I stand a good chance of sticking around two decades longer than did grandpa.

This is a wondrous development, but any newspaper reader knows that it is not universally so regarded. At hand is a new and comprehensive report on the plight of the aged sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund. It shows:

That America now has some 14,500,000 senior citizens and that their number is increasing at twice the rate of the population as a whole;

That whereas half a century ago, some 60 per cent of them were gainfully employed, only about 40 per cent are now;

That 56 per cent are not taking it easy by choice, but only because they were compelled to leave their jobs by "employer's policy on age;"

And that, reading between the lines, many of them are bored, unwanted (or feel unwanted), restless, and unhappy.

Gloomy statistics, but only statistics after all. They outline the general problem. They do not answer what to most of us is the big query:

"What about my old age? What can I do to make it good?"

The answers come from three authorities on the problems of aging, consulted by the writer, plus the books and documents written in recent years by half a dozen others. They are:

1. *Start preparing for old age as early as possible.* Miss Ollie A. Randall, consultant on services for the aged to the Community Service Society of New York, expresses it well.

"Old age," she points out, "is merely a stage of life in the sense that childhood and adolescence are stages. Just as a child should be prepared for adulthood, so a mature adult should prepare himself for the later maturity we call old age. You can start doing so at any point, at thirty or at sixty, but since the later years are the harvest years, it stands to reason that the sooner you start sowing for them, the more you'll reap when you reach them."

Ann Ives, a name well known among theater-lovers, started "sowing" while still a teen-age girl growing up in New York City. Her ambition was to be an actress, but she had no sooner realized it in a small way than along came World War I and with it a slump in the theater.

Miss Ives had family obligations. Moreover, as she phrases it, she had "an appetite that only three squares a day could cope with." She learned typing, took a civil service examination and got a job in Washington, D. C. For thirty years she toiled for Uncle Sam. She didn't forget her first love; she merely sublimated it by working with amateur and semi-professional dramatic groups after hours. In other words she kept her hand in, and when the compulsory retirement rule caught up with her, she was able to follow what has become the slogan of all "hep" members of the senior citizen set. She retired not from something, but to something.

She retired back to her old haunts— to Broadway. There, with hundreds of crew-cropped and horse-tailed young things, she began making the rounds, as actors call their jaunts from producer to producer in search of work. She made the rounds for three years, occasionally picking up a small job on television or in a summer theater. Then in 1952, she won acclaim in the featured role of the mother in the stage hit *Point of No Return*, starring Henry Fonda.

How old was Miss Ives at the time of her belated theatrical triumph? She never said, and it would be ungallant to guess.

Mrs. George Furzer was sixty-five when, obligated to retire as a Chicago school teacher, she moved home to Maryland and began doing full time what all her working days she had done spare-time—making fresh grated coconut and angel food cakes.

"Just something to keep me busy," she replied when friends asked her why.

Today "Della's Cakes," named after her daughter, are famous in the Washington, D. C., area. With a new building where five bakers work, Mrs. Furzer sells more than 2,000 cakes and 2,500 pies a month.

In Arlington, Va., Lewyl E. Greeson started raising flying squirrels as a hobby two years before he retired from a defense department job in 1953. To date, he has sold more than 4,500 of the little saucer-eyed animals as pets. Gross sales as of a recent report were \$33,000. "Nice money," Mr. Greeson comments, "and I'm having the time of my life."

Such stories are not uncommon. Thousands of senior citizens are finding that old age is the time when they can pursue, as a second career, the work that all their lives has been their first love. Most are content to get fun out of it. Some make it pay too. A United States Labor Department survey shows that three million workers over sixty-five are annually contributing twelve billion dollars to the national product.

**MILTON LOMASK**, former reporter for the New York *Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time free lance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

2. *Put your spiritual house in order.* This statement may seem a case of laboring the obvious, but specialists report that much of the chronic illness and discontent among the aged is traceable to a failure to make one's peace with God.

A graphic incident has been reported by the prominent geriatrician, Dr. Clarence William Lieb. Among the doctor's patients, some years ago, was a seventy-eight-year-old man—call him Mr. John—who had been miserably ill for two years.

Mr. John's symptoms, the doctor recalls, were "so distressful that if I described them in detail, you might feel ill yourself." Mysteriously enough, a careful examination revealed no physical basis for them. Seeking a probable cause in the mind, Dr. Lieb asked the old man a number of leading questions about his business.

It was thriving. "I'm making more money now," Mr. John said, "than when my partner was with me."

"Your partner? Where's he now?"

"Taking it easy in Europe," was the reply. "He's still in the business though, just inactive. Several years ago he was content to retire on \$20,000 a year."

"That was the agreement between you?"

"Well—our agreement." Mr. John, previously quite voluble, became suddenly hesitant. "Well, our agreement," he repeated, "was that he was to receive 20 per cent of the net profits, but . . ." Another hesitation, and Dr. Lieb seized the opportunity to toss in a question.

"What's on your conscience, Mr. John?"

It came out then. Over the years, the profits of the business had increased manyfold, but Mr. John's partner had never requested an accounting. Taking advantage of this, Mr. John had continued to send him only \$20,000 a year although, under the agreement, he should have sent far more. He now owed his partner over \$100,000.

"Pay it," suggested Dr. Lieb.

Mr. John did, and you can guess the rest. His symptoms abated, and in a matter of weeks he was a well man.

Austin J. App, an English professor at LaSalle College in Philadelphia, has made a hobby of studying the problems of later maturity. "For the devout Catholic," he contends, "the last years are bound to be good ones. There is more time for Mass, for the sacraments, for prayer and meditation. There are usually more ills to offer up. Each rheumatic twinge can become an eager offer-

ing to make us more worthy of Him who suffered so much for us. Properly regarded as a spiritual opportunity, old age sheds its terrors."

3. *Put your mental house in order.* In her charming autobiography, published in 1939, the author Edna Ferber described herself as "a middle-aged neurotic—neurotic, of course, because like most people at my time of life, I look forward to growing old with trepidation."

Practically everyone does, but in the opinion of the experts, nobody should. The fear of old age, as they see it, is simply a fear of the unknown. It is a product of a tangle of myths which paint the later years in far too gloomy colors.

One myth is that the older person is always a sitting duck for illness. Even the dismal figures of the Twentieth Century Fund report fail to support this notion. Only one-tenth of America's senior citizens are sick in any serious way. Older people have a high resistance to diseases which originate outside of the body, including the sometimes dangerous infections which plague children and youths. They are, for obvious reasons, more susceptible to ailments originating within—to cardiovascular and other degenerative ills.

In the area of health as in all others the watchword is "preparation." It is a commonplace of medical science that any person who has passed the half-century mark should receive a thorough physical examination twice a year. The chronic ills which beset the old tend to begin early and can often be arrested if detected early. Another point to be borne in mind is the recent development of the "tranquillizing drugs" which, according to officers of the American Geriatric Society, give promise of someday doing for the chronic ills of age what the wonder drugs have done for the infections of youth.

Where health is concerned, older people have one great advantage over the young. They have experience. To illustrate:

During World War II, the owner of a small Connecticut precision tool plant had to scrap one of his hiring policies. Previously he had limited employment to workers under thirty-six. With young men busy elsewhere, he was forced to take on some older ones.

By the end of the war, the average age of his labor force was forty-one, and four of his key workmen were in their late sixties. Today, the average age of his force is forty-three and six of his key workers have seen three-score-and-ten.

How come? "Because," says the owner, "I found that older people turn out more and better products. The primary

who  
re  
old  
In  
de  
neu  
like  
book  
ida  
the  
uld  
, is  
is a  
aint  
ors.  
n is  
even  
Cen  
this  
ca's  
ous  
nce  
the  
cur  
ous  
and  
ons,  
nat  
ther

ers  
is a  
hat  
half-  
ough  
The  
l to  
d if  
be  
ent  
ac-  
seri-  
day  
hat  
in-

peo-  
the  
illus-

of a  
plant  
cies.  
ment  
young  
1 to

age  
our  
late  
his  
key  
n.  
ner,  
out

reason is that they are used to having a few aches and pains, and they turn up for work in spite of them. The young are accustomed to being in good health, with the result that the second they feel a sniffle coming on, they take the day off."

Another fairly widespread myth is that mental powers decline with age. There is no scientific evidence of this. There is considerable evidence, according to Dr. Stieglitz, that mental capacity increases at least up to the age of sixty and sometimes for many years beyond that. Obviously it does, as witness the productive efforts of such famous senior citizens as Herbert Hoover and Bernard Baruch, not to mention Grandma Moses.

A recent news dispatch from England reveals that plans are afoot for the mass production of a new automobile that will out-perform all present popular cars. The inventor: Harry Ferguson, age seventy-eight. Thomas Costain, the author, began writing historical novels at the age of fifty-seven. At seventy, he is the author of thirteen large books, all

but two of which have been best sellers.

"Behind the myth that mental capacity wanes with age," says Dr. Stieglitz, "is the fact that many persons just quietly give up trying to learn as they grow older. They assume that because they don't wish to learn they can't."

You can take it from the experts that they are making a mistake. To be emphatic about it, the difference between a happy later maturity and a miserable one is often determined by the extent to which the individual has taken the trouble to stock his mind.

Many a wrinkled old lady has found herself the joy of the household and the belle of the ball because over the years she has refused to let any wrinkles gather on her mind. As the writer's grandfather observed in his seventysixth active year, "The important thing when you get old is not how much or how little you have on your head, but how much or little you have in it."

The greatest boon to the aged in this country is the gradual disappearance of the old superstition that education is

for the young. There are few better places to prepare for old age than in the classrooms of those bustling centers of adult education now operating in practically every American community.

Finally, there is the myth that old age attacks suddenly like a thief in the night. You're all sweetness and glamour one day, and a tottering wreck the next. Little or nothing is known about the actual mechanics of aging, but this much has been long observed: Aging is a mild and on the whole pleasant process which begins at birth and goes on continuously until death. Aging is simply another word for living.

You can accelerate it by worrying about it, but you can't stop it; and probably the best attitude toward it is that expressed some years ago by Mrs. Dominic Savino of Chicago. Named Mother of the Year, Mrs. Savino was the guest of honor at a banquet attended by 1,400 persons from all over the country. A long series of after-dinner speeches brought out that she was a remarkable woman. Dwelling in a poor section and bringing up her four children on a small income, she had averaged 1,500 hours a year doing little acts of charity for her neighbors. After all the eulogies had echoed away, Mrs. Savino was asked to say a few words.

"Well," she said, "you gonna live until you die, so you live good!"

Why not!

The problems of later maturity, like those of youth, are tied up with all sorts of other things. One of the stumbling blocks in the path of the old is the great American accent on youth. It is no news that in this country "youth" is not the name of a period of life, a simple biological fact. It is the name of a graven image, in the presence of which the rest of us are supposed to take off our hats and expose our gray hairs.

A more serious matter is the practice in industry and elsewhere of retiring workers at an arbitrary age. The strange thing is that this custom continues in the face of common knowledge that it makes no sense. The number of years a person has been around does not measure his biological age, that is, his real age. A man who is chronologically seventy may be only sixty or even fifty biologically speaking.

Pending the erasure of this and similar national follies, the basic problems of old age are pretty much in the hands of the individual. "The thing to remember," says Dr. Stieglitz, "is that the chance to live an extra twenty years is a great privilege, and like all privileges entails great responsibilities. Science can add years to your life, but it's up to you to put life in your years."



***There are few better places to prepare for old age than in those bustling centers of adult education in almost every community***



***The key to a happy old age is the refusal to let any wrinkles gather on your mind***



# THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

## Deadline

*Is there any repentance after death? Can the souls in Purgatory do penance?*—A. P., JERSEY CITY, N. J.



Repentance and penance are not identically the same. The best example of repentance, in the full sense of the word, is the several attitudes we have to have when we go to confession. To avail ourselves worthily of the Sacrament of Repentance, we have to examine our consciences, acknowledge our guilt by confessing our sins, express genuine regret for those sins—coupled with a resolution to sin no more, and submit to the penance or reparation imposed upon us by the priest. To do penance by way of reparation or expiation is, then, only one feature of repentance in its fullness.

Bodily death—the temporary dissolution of the vital union between body and soul as life-partners—marks the end of our probation for heaven, of our opportunity for repentance. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this, the judgment." (Hebrews 9:27) Since there can be no appeal to a higher court, and since the judgment of God is infallibly accurate, human souls have no opportunity, after death, for repentance. At the moment of death, the words of the Divine Judge apply to the human soul with eternal finality: "He that is not with Me is against Me." (Matt. 12:30)

Souls who have repented of their infidelities to God, sincerely and betimes, must make amends for their sins by penance, either in this life or afterward in Purgatory. On the one hand, the souls in Purgatory undergo their penance—not begrudgingly—but in a spirit of repentance. On the other hand, their spirit of repentance is a carry-over from their days of opportunity in this life, after which it is too late to begin to repent.

## Oxford Movement

*Please explain what is meant by the Oxford Movement.*—R. W., MT. EPHRAIM, N. J.

The Oxford Movement was an endeavor on the part of scholarly churchmen to revive the fast-ebbing spirit of Christianity within the Church of England. It was centered at Oxford University, England, from 1833 until 1841. This group authored the famous *Tracts for the Times*, the last of which was contributed by Newman. The Oxford Movement proved to be a constructive upheaval within the Church of England, resulting in High Episcopalianism or Anglicanism and in many conversions to the Roman Catholic Church. Outstanding among the converts was John Henry—later Cardinal—Newman, received into the Church in 1845 by the Venerable Father Dominic, Passionist. The Anglicans consider themselves Catholics or Anglo-Catholics and a branch of the Roman Catholic Church, despite their lack of valid

Holy Orders and despite the fact that the head of the Church of England is a layman—namely, the king or queen.

The Oxford Movement outlined above is not to be confused with the Oxford Group Movement. The latter is American in origin, was begun by one Buchman in 1909 at Princeton, N. J., and was known at first as Buchmanism. Later, their title was changed to The First Century Christian Fellowship, then to The Oxford Group Movement. Today, they are best known by the label of Moral Rearmament or simply MRA. No Catholic needs what MRA has to offer, and membership among the so-called Oxford Groupers is strictly forbidden to Catholics.

## Dead Faith

*Why are you Catholics so opposed to the Protestant claim that faith is sufficient for salvation? Did not Mark say: "All things are possible to him that believeth?" (9:22). And again: "Fear not, only believe."* (5:36)—P. B., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

In his second epistle, St. Peter warns us against an interpretation of the Bible by private individuals who lack scholarship or authority or both. Referring directly to the epistles of St. Paul, he writes of "certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction, as they do also the other scriptures." (3:16) Any written document needs an oral interpreter. The American Constitution and Bill of Rights have to be applied to particular circumstances by the interpretation of the Supreme Court. Since that Court is not infallible, its function is that of an educated and honest umpire. But when the eternal salvation of immortal souls is at stake human learning and honesty do not suffice. It is obvious that we need the infallible guidance which the Founder of Christianity has delegated to His Church. Were we bereft of such guidance, Divine Providence would have failed us.

Ever since the time of the so-called Reformation, many ideas have been current as to what should be understood when we speak of "faith," as to whether faith is necessary for salvation, and whether faith alone suffices. Do you suppose for a moment that St. Mark meant that, provided we believe in God, we can otherwise do as we please? Such would be the case, if faith alone were sufficient for salvation. The conduct of children must be consistent with their faith in their parents. In our relations with God, every thought, desire, word, and action must be conformable to our faith in Him. St. James is clear on this ABC of our responsibility to God: "What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say that he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him? Faith, if it have not works, is dead. The devils also believe—and tremble! Do you see that by works a man is justified; and not by faith only? For even as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead." (2:14 onward)

### **Forget It!**

*Please comment on enclosed "Letter from Jesus Christ."*—  
J. M., EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Unfortunately, "get rich quick" schemers intrude even into the sphere of religion, and people who are otherwise sane religious are so gullible as to be taken in by such schemes. The early reference to the Queen of England as "Saint" should more than suffice to explode any faith in this alleged Letter. Elizabeth I of England was one of history's worst scoundrels. To pray the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Glory be to the Father" is beyond criticism. But the basis for this fifteen years of prayer and, above all, the promises held out as an inducement are absurd. We exhort you and the many others who have been taken in by this fraudulent letter that you have the courage to keep it out of circulation. You are under no obligation to carry a copy on your person, or not to hide it, nor is there any obligation whatever to say the prayers as prescribed.

### **No Doubt**

*Please explain a phrase in the Nicene Creed which puzzles me.*—H. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In the Nicene Creed, recited immediately after the first gospel of the Mass, we profess the following: "And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures . . ." The expression, "according to the Scriptures," does not imply, as you fear, that there is some doubt about the matter and that we have only the record of some scribe to depend on for this most important tenet."

As testimony, the Scriptures have a twofold value. That the Scriptures are reliable history has been well established by scholars. Hence, even though the scribes were mere human chroniclers, they wrote facts. That the New Testament is also a divinely inspired record is acknowledged by all Christians; that the Old Testament is of the same caliber is acknowledged by both Jews and Christians. Consequently, the scribes or writers of the Scriptures were more than humanly reliable historians—they were divinely inspired secretaries, recording God's dictation. Therefore, for a double reason—the one human and the other divine—there is no room for doubt when we read or profess: "The third day, He rose again—according to the Scriptures."

There is another important angle to the expression, "according to the Scriptures." Many of the things undergone and accomplished by Christ during His mortal life were the more significant because they marked the fulfillment of prophecy. A fulfilled prophecy is an intellectual miracle—the accurate prediction of a future event, which can in no way be foreseen humanly. Some of the predictions concerning Christ were made by others, some by Himself. For example, the details of His suffering were foretold by Isaías, in his fifty-third chapter. The verification of those details is referred to by St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles. "When they had fulfilled all things that were written of him . . ." (13:29)

Christ Himself predicted His resurrection from the dead, the climax of all the prophecies recorded in the Scriptures. But that prediction would have been an empty boast were St. Paul unable to testify truthfully: "Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures . . . and was buried and rose again the third day, according to the scriptures." (1 Cor.: 15:3, 4) All of which adds up to this—the resurrection

of Christ was, in itself, a physical miracle, the accomplishment of the humanly impossible. Since He had foretold this event and made good a boast so contrary to all human expectation, it is also an intellectual miracle. Hence, when we profess in the Creed, "And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures," that statement is a profession of faith which is foolproof, for both human and divine reasons. At the same time, it reminds us of the twofold miraculous angle of Christ's triumph—the pattern of our own victory over death, "according to the scriptures."

### **Cremation Problem**

*Does the Catholic Church forbid cremation? If so, why? How can this convert solve his problem?*—E. L., ASTORIA, L. I., N. Y.

Cremation is not forbidden by the Church because it is necessarily wrong. It is wrong because the Church has forbidden it strictly, for cogent reasons. In the first place, cremation is out of harmony with Jewish as well as Christian tradition. Among the Jews, the cremation of a body was considered a penalty for crime. But the principal reason for the Church's strenuous opposition to this practice is the attitude of its promoters. Especially in Italy and France, the cremation movement was spearheaded by the Freemasons and others who were intent upon breaking down Christian faith in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

Because of the anti-Catholic spirit of cremation societies, we are forbidden to join such groups or to agree to cremation. Those who do so are deprived of the Last Sacraments and of Catholic burial. This convert cannot co-operate in the cremation of his Christian parents. Responsibility for the funeral of the first parent to die will devolve upon the other parent. But for the information of the surviving parent, the son should make it clear that he can in no way co-operate. To do so would be a serious sin of scandal.

### **Chalice**

*When a priest dies, what becomes of his chalice?*—H. N., MCKEES ROCKS, PA.

The chalices used by priests who are members of religious orders are community property. A diocesan priest is free to bequeath his chalice to a church or chapel—for the use of visiting priests—to a port chaplain for use on an ocean liner, to a foreign mission, or the like. Since a chalice is consecrated to divine service, it may not be sold or used for any profane purpose.

### **Justifiable Risk?**

*Is it permissible to drive in a stock car race? If not, is it permissible to attend such a race, thereby giving financial support to another's violation of the Fifth Commandment?*

—R. H., GENEVA, N. Y.

You have posed a stickler, because ability and the likelihood of grave danger are so relative to this or that individual. However, to any such inquiry, we can state that one would not violate the Fifth Commandment if he had the requisite skill, if hazards were reduced to a controllable minimum, and if there were sufficient reason for the undertaking.

In the fields of entertainment, sports, and business, there are no end of undertakings which involve risk to life and limb. Some are justifiable, others are not. To a professional acrobat, the element of risk is negligible. The workmen atop a skyscraper are in less danger than others might be in a hockey match. For racing cars to be run, one at a time, on a straight stretch like Daytona Beach or the Utah

flats is one thing; it is quite another to risk life and limb in an overcrowded, oval speedway. It would be inconsistent to consider a so-called sport immoral and at the same time to patronize it. No ticket money can pay for a thrill enjoyed at the life-and-death expense of someone else. Insurance companies will write a policy only for a "safe risk."

#### Catholic Saints

*Why do other denominations name their churches after Catholic saints, such as Saints Paul, Matthew, John? Do they canonize their saints?*—M. O'B., VAIL, IOWA.

Other denominations do not attempt to canonize members whom they consider holy. Canonization implies much more than granting to an individual the title of "saint." It is a process whereby a person's alleged heroic holiness must be proven. The proofs are both human and divine. There is no human investigation more exhaustive. The divine endorsement—if granted—is two miracles prior to the preliminary decree known as beatification, plus two more miracles prior to the final decree called canonization. All of which is another way of saying that only God can canonize a saint.

It is not accurate to say that other denominations name their churches after saints whom they consider Catholics. Rather, they consider the saintly patrons of their churches as Christians. In the days of the apostles Paul, Matthew, and John, there was no need to specify the saints of the Church as Catholic saints. It was clear enough to refer to them as Christian saints. In those days, all Christians were of one mind and heart with Christ. They believed both the revelation of Christ and the interpretation of that revelation by His infallible Church. There was no need to label heretics (the unbelieving) and schismatics (the disobedient) in such a way as to identify them as wanderers from the "one fold and one Shepherd." Unfortunately, it has become necessary, in the course of time, to specify the one, true form of Christianity as Roman Catholic. The Church is catholic or world-wide, but with a center and foundation of unity at Rome, the City of St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ.

#### Double Ceremony

*How come that two Catholics—the Prince of Monaco and Grace Kelly—will be married at a civil ceremony—and prior to a church wedding?*—G. S., RICHMOND, VA.

Because the civil law so insists. However, it does not follow that the Church recognizes the validity of that prior civil ceremony, prescribed in several countries of Europe. The religious ceremony follows immediately after the civil routine. In our country, a duly authorized religious minister functions in a double capacity, representing both church and state, and hence the one ceremony suffices for both religious and civil effects.

#### Genuflections

*Why do Catholics genuflect? Is it because of the Lord's Body and Blood in the tabernacle?*—R. S., GREENVILLE, OHIO.

Not necessarily. The reason for a genuflection varies according to one's intention at any given time. For example, for a man to doff his hat to a lady is a token of courtesy; to doff one's hat when passing a Catholic Church is an act of adoration directed to the Real Presence.

A single genuflection is the momentary bending of one knee; a double genuflection, the bending of both knees—a reverence reserved to the Blessed Sacrament when exposed outside the tabernacle. Until the sixteenth century, a profound bow was more in vogue than the genuflection, in the Western areas of the Church: in the East, the bow is still

the custom. A genuflection before the tabernacle in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved is an act of adoration; it made before a relic of the True Cross, it is an act of veneration. Similarly, it is done as reverence, during the solemn words of the Creed in the Mass: "(The Lord Jesus Christ) . . . was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man." In a spirit of reverence, one kneels when kissing the ring of the bishop of one's own diocese.

#### Neutral?

*Is it permissible for a Catholic girl to join the "Y-teens," organized at our public high school?*—M. A., HILLSBORO, OREGON.

You state that it is disputed whether the "Y-teens" are affiliated with the YWCA. It should be easy enough to settle that dispute. We are not acquainted with the title "Y-teens." But it does seem to represent a junior affiliate of the YW. If so, it is strictly forbidden to join. The "Y" organizations are not religiously neutral. We must admit that the YM and YW have established an excellent pattern for athletic and social activities, as well as for residences for men and women. It is desirable and often urgent that we make similar provision under Catholic auspices.

#### Confused

*In "Sign Post" of January (p. 56), your sentence doesn't seem right, under caption "Mother of God."*—M. G., ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, ILL.

You quote us correctly as follows: "If Mary be not the Mother of God, then Christ is not the eternal, divine Son of God and Christianity lacks a divine Founder." You object that in no place in the Bible is Mary called the Mother of God. St. Elizabeth saluted Mary as the "Mother of my Lord" (Luke 1:43). In the Acts of the Apostles, St. Luke identifies "Mary, the mother of Jesus" (1:14). And you admit, do you not, that Jesus the Christ is the divine Son of God? Logically, then, Mary is the Mother of God: logically, too, if Mary were not the Mother of God, it must be because Jesus was not divine.

You ask: "If God existed before Mary, how can Mary be His mother?" You have answered your own problem, without realizing it, when you state: "The Son of God did have a prehuman existence." No one claims that the creature called Mary, whose beginning can be so easily dated, was the mother of Christ's divine nature, which has existed from all eternity. We claim simply that, when the eternal, divine Son of God made His very own a human nature, Mary mothered that human nature and thus became the mother of the One to whom that human nature belonged personally.

We suspect that your confusion is due to vague, untidy notions as to what is meant by the incarnation of God. You are under the impression that Christ "had to give up His 'spirit life' in order to become a man." That can mean only one thing—that He had to give up His divine nature, had to cease being a divine Person! Had that been the case, then Mary would have been the mother of a mere man. God did not become man by changing Himself into a mere man, as you imply. Rather, a divine Person who has always had a divine nature made His very own a human nature also. You might find it helpful to read a pamphlet entitled: *Jesus Christ, the Divine Bridge Builder*; it is a simplified study of the Son of God's incarnation and redemption. Apply to the Paulist Press, 401 W. 59 St., New York 19, N. Y.

# HOW TO HANDLE YOUR NERVES

by  
Joseph D. Wassersug,  
M. D.



*Emotions are often  
responsible for surgery*

**At times, being kind and tolerant is a better  
therapy than all the pills in the doctor's bag**

WHEN I WAS A young intern an elderly patient, whom I had just examined, taught me a lesson that I have never since forgotten. As I finished, she said, "You don't have to worry about me, Doctor, I've had all kinds of troubles in my day." Then, she added with a wink, "*—and most of them never happened.*"

Since then, over the years, as I have observed patients in my own office and in hospital wards, I have had ample opportunity to confirm this little old lady's wisdom. How often do we conjure up for ourselves worries and heartaches, anxieties and illnesses, peptic ulcer and hypertension, simply by allowing our nerves to run wildly out of control? How often, too, for example, do we allow the *fear of cancer* to transfix our souls before going to the physician and being assured that there is nothing wrong after all? How often, indeed, do we permit the poisons of hate, envy, and malice to shatter our own lives? And how tragic it is to see a person devoured by the hostilities and hatreds that are pent up within him.

The self-destructive effect of the rage and anger that seethe inwardly has been recognized by astute physicians since the dawn of medicine. Today, in this hectic age, doctors are even more insistent that *nerves and body cannot be separated*. They are *equal partners* when it comes to the production of inward restlessness

and discomfort on one hand or the peace of blessed tranquility on the other.

Just how self-destructive a case of "nerves" can really be may readily be illustrated by the case of Mrs. R. J., a forty-two-year-old housewife, who at the age of seventeen first consulted a doctor because of abdominal pain. Her symptoms so closely mimicked acute appendicitis that she was operated upon at that time and her appendix was removed. The following year a second operation was performed for "adhesions" and the removal of an ovarian cyst. The following year her right tube and ovary were removed. This was followed in fairly rapid succession by curettage operations, exploratory operations for "adhesions" and, finally, a hysterectomy. By the time she was thirty-eight years old she had had eleven operations—and this did not include removal of her tonsils!

Had a more complete or more careful emotional history been obtained, it might have disclosed even then that this woman's aches and pains were more the result of diseased nerves than of diseased organs. The facts were these. While this woman was still in her teens, she wanted to become a nurse but failed to meet the scholastic standards at the

end of her first year and was dismissed from nursing school. It was at this time that she had her first operation. The following year she was married but was forced to live with an "ailing" mother-in-law who tried to keep her only son under her thumb by means of her own ailments. A chronic state of tension aggravated by racial and religious differences. The result—more surgery.

Two years after she was married her daughter was born, and even though she scrimped and saved to give her daughter "the best of everything," the girl eloped at eighteen with not so much as a kindly nod in her mother's direction. Again, a crisis and, again, the surgeon's scalpel. Over the years this patient's emotions constantly turned against her, leading to abdominal operations instead of being directed toward more fruitful and productive ends.

One should not suppose that the above case is unique or rare in medical experience. On the contrary, such cases are common. There are many women who have had two or more operations, usually involving the abdomen or pelvic organs, in which the basic problem has been "nerves" and not organic disease. Studying such women, psychiatrists at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston recently concluded that many of them could have been spared needless surgery if the emotional aspects of their abdominal pain had been properly un-

**JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.,** an internist practicing in Quincy, Mass., has published over 300 popularly written articles on medical subjects in national magazines.

derstood and appreciated. Every physician sees many women (and fewer men) in his office whose abdomen is cross-hatched with surgical scars, who keep complaining and complaining. One shrewd and experienced surgical nurse, observing the parade of women in and out of operating rooms, remarked succinctly, "They are not happy with their organs—or without them!"

ONE can cite many instances in which jangled nerves can be linked specifically with certain organic disorders. *Ulcer* patients, for example, react to stressful situations differently from normal persons. Many experiments can be set up to show that this is so but most convincing, perhaps, is one reported by Dr. Peter Wolff and Dr. Jacob Levine.

These doctors studied ten hospitalized patients, five with duodenal ulcer and five chosen at random from the surgical and medical wards. All patients were told that a routine test was scheduled and that they were not to drink, eat, or smoke after 3 P.M. At 8 P.M. a stomach tube was inserted into the nose and down the throat of each patient and the stomach juice was sucked out immediately and every hour thereafter. Tests were made to determine the volume and concentration of the acid secreted.

The following day, each patient was told that some questions had arisen concerning the validity of the test of the night before and, while there was no basis for alarm, a second test was necessary. This was done simply to annoy the patients—to subject them to "a stressful situation." (You wouldn't like it, either, I am sure, if you had nothing to eat, drink, or smoke all of one afternoon and had a stomach tube in you all night and were told then it had to be done all over again!) Although all the patients expressed annoyance, they consented and a second test was carried out.

Analysis of the samples of stomach juice obtained on the first night showed that those patients with peptic ulcer had acid values two or three times higher than that of the nonulcer group. On the second night the differences were even more remarkable. The nonulcer patient showed an increase in acidity but—and this is important—it was nowhere nearly as high as that in the ulcer group. This would indicate that the ulcer victim is living under a more or less constant stressful situation, so that his acid secretion is gnawing away at him at about as high a level as is humanly possible. Torn inwardly by his emotions he is, in a sense, allowing his own acids to "burn" holes in his stomach or intestine.

One can hardly name a medical condition in which nerves do not play some role. Doctors have incriminated "nerves"

as a factor in the causation of obesity, asthma, rheumatoid arthritis, high blood pressure, and even the proneness or liability of an individual to accidents. *Ulcerative colitis*, a condition which is more serious than the common form of "nervous" colitis, is another disease that is strikingly influenced by one's emotional state. The intimate relationship between nerves and ulcerative colitis has recently been disclosed in a study by Dr. George L. Engel of the Departments of Psychiatry and Medicine of the University of Rochester School of Medicine.

Dr. Engel studied the psychological make-up of thirty-nine patients with ulcerative colitis and reviewed the published reports of more than seven hundred additional cases. Among other things, Dr. Engel found that in this large group of patients "defects in personality structure" long antedated the onset of the colitis, itself. Victims of this disease had a characteristic type of *dependent and restricted relationship with people* and even the mothers of the patients had abnormal psychological patterns!

In the primitive days the emotion of fear, for example, served a directly and immediately useful purpose. When a person is gripped with fear, his adrenal glands go into high speed, as it were, pouring large amounts of adrenalin and other hormones into the blood. The pupils dilate, the heart starts to pump, and the hair bristles with fright. Fear and increased adrenalin secretion prepare a man to fight for his life or to flee from danger. Widely dilated pupils help him see better, a heart beating rapidly enables him to run faster, and his

bristling hair protects him like a cat's arched back. The extra adrenalin pouring through his veins and arteries give added courage and strength in battle.

Nowadays, in a civilized society, when you hate or envy your neighbor you just can't cross over the fence and stone him to death or beat him with a club. With restraints placed upon the "natural" outlets of these powerful emotions, they are often forced to turn upon themselves, causing high blood pressure and other nervous ailments. Instead of fighting or running, you lie awake all night or toss fitfully in your sleep. Civilized persons, therefore, have to control their emotions or be consumed by them.

Everyone knows of many instances of men and women grieved by the wartime loss of a son or a husband who turned their grief to helping others. Many of these fine individuals "lost themselves" in church work or charity work or served as Gray Ladies or aides in hospitals. By helping others, by directing their emotions to useful and healthful purposes, they, themselves, were able to continue in spite of their own sorrow.

NOT all emotions are antagonistic. There are kindly emotions, too. For instance, such emotions as love and charity and pity. There is no antidote for the poison of hate except the blessing of love. The woman who genuinely loves her husband, her home, her children, who is secure in their love and their affection, hardly ever becomes neurotic. It is a curious fact, but true, that peace of mind brings with it good health and better digestion. A man who has ulcers and indigestion at work may be practically free from discomfort while on vacation, where his mind and his nerves are at rest. A woman whose blood pressure soars at the sight of her own daughter-in-law may purr like a well-fed kitten when her grandchildren come for a visit.

You don't have to let emotional jag destroy you. Another cardinal rule for licking "nerves" is to realize that they can be your worst enemies if you but give them a chance. Fill your heart and spirit with so many good emotions there is no place within you for evil ones.

Religion, too, will help you in the acquisition of both peace of soul and bodily health. Faith in the Lord must supersede the trust that one places in mortals. The conviction that God is with you whenever you go and whatever you do can provide an inward strength that can master misery or privation. Be tolerant. When almost 2000 years ago, the disciples of Christ were advised to turn the other cheek, they were being offered not only good religion but also good medical guidance.



#### The Military Way

► Transferred to a new post, an Army officer found the files overflowing with old documents, letters, etc., accumulated by his predecessors. He wired Washington for permission to destroy the old records.

"O.K.," came the answer from the Pentagon. "But make copies of everything first."

—George D. Lynch



## Sons of the Resurrection

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

THERE is an interesting passage in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Judges. Before going into battle with their enemy, the leaders of the Israelites go into the sanctuary and ask God whether they should engage the enemy in battle. Quite obviously they are asking whether or not they will be victorious. God tells them to make war on the enemy. In the battle that follows, the Israelites are defeated, losing great numbers of men. Yahweh has led them to defeat. The next day the Israelites go weeping to the sanctuary. Again they consult the Lord and ask whether or not they should give battle. They are told a second time to make war on the enemy. In this battle the Israelites lose thousands of their best swordsmen. Once more Yahweh has led them to defeat. Now the whole army goes up to the sanctuary where they weep and fast and offer sacrifices. For a third time the Israelites ask Yahweh whether they should give battle. God replies, "Attack! for tomorrow I will deliver him into your power." The next day the Israelites attack and defeat the enemy.

God sometimes leads us to defeat. God quite often leads us to defeat. In a sinful world it could hardly be otherwise. Once there is the fact of sin, man is incapable of learning except through defeat. The proud man cannot learn because to the self-sufficient nothing can be given, least of all knowledge. This man is healed only by his own bruises. Only in pain does he learn that the autonomous soul is the saddest of fictions. It is as though he must first learn despair before he can learn hope.

God leads us not into sin—God is radically incapable of that—but into trials. God sends us sorrow or God permits us to stumble into the little messes and the great messes that we have made of our lives. We have a quick temper which is forever causing minor explosions in the home. We make ourselves miserable and the other members of the family unhappy. We hate ourselves for it. Or we have an easy tongue. No sooner have we picked up a piece of

misinformation than we are uncomfortable until we have imparted it to others. It is a despicable habit and we know it. Or we have been struck down with disease, and discouragement becomes our daily bread. We do not understand. Or death takes a wife or husband, and sorrow walks our days. We wonder.

St. Peter says that the Christian should not wonder. It is only "natural" that God should often lead the Christian to defeat. God led His Son to the defeat of the Cross, at least apparent defeat. St. Paul writes, "God deals with you as with sons." If God led His Son to defeat, is it surprising that He leads us to defeat? Does God love us less because He treats us as He treated Christ?

God quite often leads us to defeat. But in the end God always leads us to victory. When we have learned humility and adoration and praise in our defeats, then God will lead us to victory, as He led the Israelites. We may be impatient for victory, as were the Israelites. But God can afford to wait. And wait He does.

But where do we get the strength to go stumbling on? In the spiritual order we are made strong by the Passion of Our Lord. From the Cross we learn that what men consider a battle lost is often a battle won. And how do we gain the victory? If it is the Passion of Christ that upholds us in our failures, it is the Resurrection that is our pledge of victory. For the Christian there is only one thing surer than pain, and that is final victory. In all our numb, bewildered days nothing is so certain as ultimate triumph. This certainty is not merely the posturing of the defeated who simulate in fantasy a victory they have not won. We are sure of victory not because it is pleasant to be sure, but because Christ rose from the dead. The Resurrection is Christ's triumph and our own.

The victory of Christ has been given new significance since the Holy See has restored the rites of Holy Week. These ancient rites are not bits of archeology strewn about to give the dignity of an-

tiquity to our worship. The Church is not posing. She is not play-acting. She re-enacts the Passion, Death, and resurrection of Christ because these are the source of her strength; they are her greatness. The Church invites us to live through with Christ the mysteries of His Death and Resurrection. We are to join our defeats to His and receive the pledge of victory from His Resurrection.

Holy Week begins with Second Passion Sunday (called also Palm Sunday) when the procession with the palms reminds us that Christ is our King. On Holy Thursday we celebrate the institution of the Eucharist, that sacrament which brings all men to the same table and feeds them on the same Food. On Good Friday we are asked to join our pain to the pain of Christ. To underline our union with the Victim, Christ, the Church has restored the practice of receiving Holy Communion on Good Friday. The climax of the week, indeed the climax of the whole year, is the Easter celebration which begins Saturday evening. St. Paul says that our faith rests upon the mystery of the Resurrection. Destroy that belief and the whole structure of the Church crumbles.

ALL during the year, the Church returns to the message of the Resurrection: if Christ has risen, we too will rise. This is the essential element of our Christian consciousness. For this reason we, as a people, are called "the Easter people." This, too, accounts for the Christians' hope and joy even in defeat. About the year 150 a holy layman, St. Justin, wrote to the Roman Emperor, "You indeed may be able to kill us, but you cannot harm us." And the poet T. S. Eliot has St. Thomas à Becket say, as he waits martyrdom, "I am not in danger: only near to death." The Resurrection gave them the assurance that, though God leads to defeat, in the end God always leads to victory. For them, as for us, the Resurrection is the source of life, hope, and all things that endure. Or, in St. Luke's happy phrase, we are "sons of the Resurrection."

# HOW SMITH PICKS THEM

An old horse tout at heart,  
our man Smith has switched to  
picking baseball winners

by RED SMITH

MR. HAPPY FELTON is a large, jovial, round man who was an actor until he discovered a rather elderly pastime called baseball and a somewhat newer entertainment medium known as television. Quick as a cucumber, he—Oops, sorry; here a digression is necessary.

Many years ago there was a radio sportscaster in St. Louis whose original turn of phrase won him a minute but passionately devoted following. He had the gift of enthusiasm and a glib tongue that outran his brain by at least a furlong, and it was a special privilege to tune in on him when excitement wrenched his syntax out of joint. As, for example, one evening at a rassling show:

"Now Stecher," he babbled, "gets a body scissors on Londos and brings him to the mat. Londos is in trouble, he is writhing in pain." The man pronounced "writhing" with a short "i", as in "living"—"Londos is helpless and writhing in pain. His shoulders are close to the mat . . . No! Quick as a cucumber, the champion breaks the holt . . ."

Anyhow, quick as a cucumber, Happy Felton got himself a show in which he gave away candy bars to small boys before the Brooklyn Dodgers' home games and permitted them to feel Pee Wee Reese's muscles in front of the camera. For dramatic purity and literary excellence, the show may have been a cut below *Hamlet*, but it achieved great popularity among the moppets whose soiled faces Happy stuffed with confections, and from that modest beginning the entrepreneur went on to own

and operate a whole stable of programs having more or less to do with baseball.

When the big league season opens this month, Mr. Felton will embark upon what may be the most desperate venture to date. In addition to his other programs, he is going to present a show with sports writers as the featured actors.

In connection with this program, he has invited the sweaty literati to submit before the season starts their forecasts of the summer's developments. Moreover, he has offered a prize to the seer whose prophecies turn out to be less wildly inaccurate than anybody else's. All a man has to do to win a sports car is to predict in April the order in which sixteen teams will finish next fall, identify the men who will lead each league in batting and pitching, and include the figures these individual winners will achieve.

This is an invitation no sports writer could decline, because from time immemorial all sports writers have been composing and publishing such forecasts without reward except their salaries, and

you can't really call that doing it for pay. Now a man offers them largesse for doing what comes naturally.

Here, then, is the ballot that figures to win:

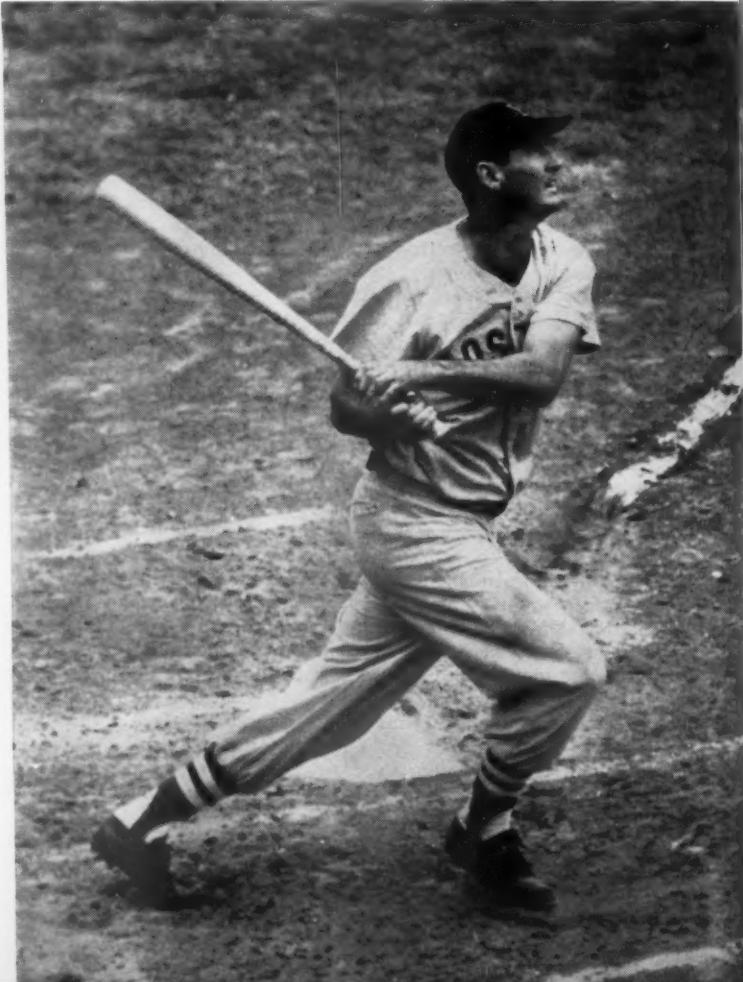
NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Brooklyn	Boston
Milwaukee	New York
St. Louis	Cleveland
Chicago	Chicago
New York	Detroit
Cincinnati	Kansas City
Pittsburgh	Washington
Philadelphia	Baltimore

Leading hitters: National League, Willie Mays, .338; American League, Ted Williams, .349.

Leading pitchers: National League, Warren Spahn, 21-12; American League, Herb Score, 20-13.

This is the time of year when a sports writer stands in awe of his own omniscience. Before a ball has been struck in anger or a pop bottle flung in fun, no man in the world can prove him wrong and he relaxes in Delphic tranquillity, infallible pro tem. Confident

United Press Photos



that no one will remember in September his April foolishness, he marshals his arguments thus:

For the last three years, at least, the Dodgers have had the best team in baseball, though they never managed to prove it until last season, when they stampeded the National League and outlasted the Yankees in the Series.

Some of their ablest operatives are getting old and some of the younger men are vulnerable—the Army has wooed and won doughty Johnny Podres, Carl Erskine seems a mite fragile, neither Billy Loes nor Don Newcombe is a revolving genius. Yet the Dodgers have such a rich reservoir of talent it is difficult to find a reason why they should not bring another championship to Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Year in and year out, the soundest choice in the American League is, of course, the Yankees. Quite possibly they are the soundest choice this year, too, but a fellow isn't going to beat anybody else to a sports car by going along with the form. Among the four

In the competition for the American League batting championship, Williams, Detroit's Al Kaline, and Kansas City's Vic Powers are outstanding candidates. As long as Williams is fit to play, however, there is no disputing his rank as the finest batsman of his time. He has had the league's highest average for two years but was not able, in 1954 or 1955, to play often enough for official recognition. Any time he can show up for 100 games or more he hits .350 from memory.

Herb Score, of Cleveland, may have more natural stuff than any other young pitcher since the arrival of Bob Feller. Normal development should move him to the top.

Stan Musial, Duke Snider, Willie Mays, Ted Kluszewski, and Henry Aaron are just a few of the National League's redoubtable hitters. If they were horses, handicappers would have to pick Mays, for he was going fastest of all at the end of their last race, and he had traveled farther than any of the others, playing virtually without interruption

*Milwaukee*—Best of the Dodgers' opponents, chronically conditioned to finish second.

*Cardinals*—With a new and lively business manager (Frank Lane), a new and knowledgeable field manager (Fred Hutchinson), some rookies of promise and the admirable pitcher, Vinegar Bend Mizell, again on call, St. Louis may forget the bitterness of 1955.

*Cubs*—They came fast last year, have a great strength in the important short-stop-second base slot, probably lack all-around quality.

*Giants*—Too many positions to fill.

*Reds*—Pitching could make them formidable.

*Pirates*—Boys' town on the rise.

*Phillies*—Somebody's got to be last.

*Yankees*—They have added a pitcher with great stuff, Mickey McDermott. If the Red Sox can't beat them, only sorcery could accomplish it.

*Indians*—Aging here and there, they could confound the calendar. Al Smith is one of the finest and most versatile players; Score should offset time's ravages



*Al Kaline makes Detroit fairly bright and promising*



*If Mays were a horse, handicappers would pick him*



*The Dodgers may be aging around the edges, but men like Duke Snider could mean another championship*

teams enjoying some pre-season prospect of beating the Yankees, the Red Sox seem likeliest to succeed.

Boston made an exciting challenge last season. With an undistinguished infield manned mostly by strangers, the Sox responded to Mike Higgins' calm direction and drove hard at the leaders, showing enough unpolished skill to give promise of better results later on. This year, for the first time in three seasons, they expect to have Ted Williams' bat swinging for them from the start of the race, and they regard Bob Porterfield, the former Yankee and Senator, as a valuable addition to their pitching staff.

through the season and World Series of 1954, a winter of baseball in Puerto Rico, and the Giants' dispiriting season of 1955.

Having won twenty or more games for six consecutive seasons, the Phillies' Robin Roberts may be due to taper off. Johnny Antonelli's effectiveness declined so sharply last year as to make him a dubious candidate for pitching leadership now. Don Newcombe can be as great as he chooses. Yet, unless age has staled his infinite variety, Warren Spahn can be a match for any of them.

Through these bifocals, the other teams line up thus:

among the pitchers; a resolute Chico Carrasquel at shortstop and Jim Busby's speed in the outfield could make Cleveland's trade with Chicago the winter's most significant deal.

*White Sox*—To obtain left-handed power, they got Larry Doby from Cleveland but gave up Carrasquel, their shortstop. This is always a desperate gamble. Doby will find his long drives shortened by the wind off Lake Michigan.

*Tigers*—Bright and improving, with a bona fide star in Kaline.

*Kansas City, Washington, Baltimore*—Shake well before choosing.



# BOOKS

## THE QUIET AMERICAN

By Graham Greene. 249 pages. Viking. \$3.50

Every new Graham Greene novel has been an event. *The Quiet American* is no exception. In Great Britain, where it was first published months ago, it set off many a controversy. In this country, his devotees and his detractors have already begun to whip up quite a fury.

One thing is certain: Greene cannot be ignored. One school of thought has crowned him "the greatest living novelist"; another, a vastly overrated writer. For some, his presentation of evil is theologically sound; others find him guilty of what has been labeled "sin mysticism."

Departing from the overtly supernatural basis of his previous novels, his latest is a work in which religion as such plays little part. Serious political and moral implications, however, make it obvious that good and evil are still his primary concern.

The locale is Indo-China: the time, the recent years when the French were desperately trying to hold their footing in the Far East. Thomas Fowler, a cynical British journalist, and Alden Pyle, a quiet American official, are the principal characters. Both are in love with Phuong, a Vietnamese described as "the most beautiful girl in Saigon."

Outwardly the narrative is a love yarn, a web of political intrigue, and a detective story rolled into one. But the heart of the matter, obviously, is a psychological battle of personalities. Read on this latter level. *The Quiet American* is another Graham Greene masterpiece—albeit too naturalistic for many readers.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.



"old sorrows." It was his twenty-third full-length drama, autobiographical in nature, a haunted tract, sometimes bitter, often tragic, at times genuinely powerful.

The principal characters are the Tyrones, a theatrical family dominated by the father, an actor of national fame, Irish by birth, penurious and domineering by nature. The mother is a hopeless drug addict, victim of a vice started at the birth of her second son. The sons are Jamie and Edmund, the former an actor against his will and a wastrel by choice. The latter is a thoughtful, sensitive consumptive. Faith and religious practice have long since been abandoned by the Tyrones, though the mother gives rueful thought to her once-strong devotion to Our Lady in her fringe moments of lucidity.

Like all O'Neill drama, this swan song contains powerful passages, incisive, though downbeat, characterization, and the underlying tragedy which was perhaps the motivating force in his writing—the loss of Faith. There is little to admire in the Tyrones, much to pity, and more to regret that such great talent was not aimed at the stars.

JERRY COTTER.

## IMPERIAL WOMAN

By Pearl S. Buck. 376 pages. John Day. \$1.95

The personality of Tzu Hsi, last Chinese empress, is as various as her minutely described wardrobe, as complex and oriented to command as her palace ceremonials. Her story has everything for American womanhood that *Vogue* and *Emily Post* offer, and because its heroine was a woman of extraordinary ability, and its author a brilliant novelist, much more. Years ago Princess Der Ling told America the old empress' story. Now, with the freedom that fiction gives and understanding of two distant worlds, Pearl Buck expands and deepens it. Rarely has feminine will to rule been so vividly portrayed—this alone should win *Imperial Woman* devotees among the ladies book clubs of the land.

The imperial woman begins as a



Pearl S. Buck

wilful little concubine ends as Old Buddha, she dragon of the Manchu throne, trailing death and splendor. Scores of keenly drawn characters surround her—her opium-enslaved husband, her feeble rival empress, her Captain of the Guard, courtiers, spies, councilors, eunuchs, assassins. More distant and menacing, throughout the novel the threat of the West develops.

Pearl Buck's ability to make us see these nineteenth-century Europeans through Manchu eyes is doubtless the book's greatest achievement. In reading it, today's puzzled westerner begins to appreciate the heritage of hatred these invaders left in China, can better understand the Orient's present distrust of our good intentions.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

## SOME INNER FURY

By Kamala Markandaya. 255 pages. John Day. \$3.50

A style marked by its poetic imagery and economy of statement is the force that lends *Some Inner Fury* a poignant dignity. Written neither as a condonation nor as a censure of what happened, the book is rather a lament for the individual tragedies and the inevitable, irreparable racial divisions that welled in every village during India's surge for self rule.

The narrator is the daughter of a high caste Hindu, sixteen when her brother Kit returned from Oxford with a house guest, the newly appointed British government aide Richard Marlowe. An education abroad had completed Kit's westernization; his family recognized the transformation uneasily. But during the next four years, as the rivers of rebellion began to inundate the land, Mira was to witness at heart-breaking first sight the unavoidable cleavage in the words "My people, your people," that summed up, in the final analysis, the case for hopeless East-West incompatibility.

An impotent spectator, she felt the juggernaut close in, ruthlessly trampling the innocent, destroying what it did not understand, putting an end to the heretofore accepted comradeship that had existed between her class and the English. Govind, her adopted brother, was the first to cut himself off, working as

## LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

By Eugene O'Neill. 176 pages. Yale University. \$3.75

In this his final play, the great dramatist glances backward at his family, the tortured years of his youth, and the

We shall be pleased to fill your book orders

THE SIGN

an agent of the Independent Party. Prison sentences for inciting revolt against authority became commonplace among her friends; Kit and his gentle wife Prem fell bewildered victims to mob violence. And at last there remained the irrevocable choice that was hers alone to make between Richard and country.

Sensitive to the personal wounds inflicted by national strife instead of the larger political scene, Miss Markandaya's absorbing story should find a vast and sympathetic audience, for while its problem is local in scope it is universal in nature. The novel is slated for eleven different editions in as many different languages.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI.

## YEARS OF TRIAL AND HOPE

By Harry S. Truman. 594 pages.  
Doubleday. \$5.00

In this second volume of his memoirs, former President Truman covers events from 1946 to 1952. The chapters on Korea and the dismissal of General MacArthur are the high spots of interest. As the result of news reports consequent upon pre-publication and General MacArthur's rejoinder, the public is familiar with the crux of these controversial issues.

These memoirs are pardonably partisan in outlook, but Mr. Truman's exposition would carry much more weight if it was couched in a more dispassionate tone, but then I suppose it would not be Harry Truman's story. To Mr. Truman the difference between our major parties is a simple case of black and white. As he puts it in commenting on the 1948 campaign: "There was just one issue for the people to vote on—the choice between special interests and the public welfare." Mr. Truman maintains this naive approach rather consistently but in a report to the American people on his stewardship, it weakens his case. He also has an irritating habit of telling his readers about American history like a school master addressing his pupils.

The many prominent persons who have flatly refuted some of Mr. Truman's versions of the facts bear witness that the last word has not yet been said on many subjects discussed in this book. Mr. Truman's strictures on Adlai Stevenson's 1952 campaign and his patronizing remarks about General Eisenhower reveal an amazing streak of arrogance.

Future historians will have a difficult task in assessing Mr. Truman's real stature. He was more often right than



Harry Truman

# PLAYED BY EAR

**The moving  
autobiography of  
FATHER  
DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.**



All the friendly humor, the outpouring love, the immense vitality that endeared Father Lord to millions, shine through the pages of this story of his fruitful and exciting life. From his childhood and his Jesuit training through his editorship of *The Queen's Work*, directing The Sodality of Our Lady, his experiences in Hollywood, writing the Motion Picture Code and pioneering The Legion of Decency—here is the whole of his richly varied life up to the fatal illness which he faced with great calm and courage—a book of inspiring insight and truth. "This book is warm and human. Gay too. And there's a deal of wisdom in it."

—Books on Trial. Wherever books are sold \$4.00

Published by Loyola University Press

Distributed by HANOVER HOUSE, Garden City, N. Y.



**NEW BOOKS**

### That They May Know Thee

Selected Writings on Vocations

By Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, D.D.—  
Selected articles, sermons, and addresses of  
Archbishop Cushing, gleaned from a wide  
variety of sources, dealing with the present  
world-wide need for more vocations to the  
priesthood and religious life. \$3.00

### Catholic Social Doctrine

By Daniel O'Connor, C.S.V.—A new work  
on the principles of Catholic sociology modeled  
on the teachings of Father C. Van Gestel, noted  
Louvain Scholar. The treatment includes a com-  
mentary on the latest pronouncements of the  
Holy See, and incorporates modern findings in  
sociological research. \$3.00

### The Blessed Sacrament and the Mass

By St. Thomas Aquinas, Translated with notes  
by Rev. F. O'Neill—An attempt to put in a brief  
compass all that the great Doctor of the Church  
wrote in his theological Summa on the  
Sacrament of Love, and to make him more  
easily understood by those who are reading him  
for the first time. \$4.25

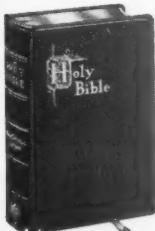
Wherever Good Books are Sold

**THE NEWMAN PRESS**

WESTMINSTER  
MARYLAND

## 3 GREAT BOOKS

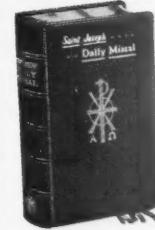
### HOLY BIBLE



The New Catholic Edition . . . one of  
the foremost achievements of our age.  
Up-to-date. Confraternity Version. large  
type. Reading Guides. Family Record pages,  
gloriously illustrated with full-color pic-  
tures.

From \$4.00 to \$12.50

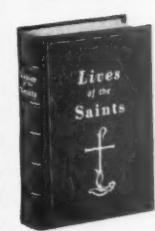
### SAINT JOSEPH DAILY MISSAL



The new, ideal, complete Daily Missal to  
pray the Mass with greater ease. Large  
type, fewer references, simplified ar-  
rangements, colored illustrations.

From \$3.75 to \$12.00

### LIVES OF THE SAINTS

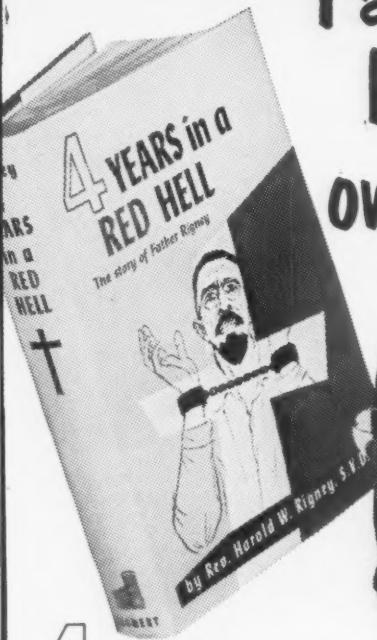


A new, modern, beautifully illustrated  
edition with short, inspiring biographies  
for each day of the year. Over 70 colored  
illustrations. 2-colors throughout.  
Simulated leather, gold stamped.

\$2.75

At All Catholic Bookstores

# Father Rigney's own story!



## 4 YEARS in a RED HELL

by Rev. Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D.

Father Rigney's own story of brainwashing, torture, fetters and chains, false charges, death sentences . . . the brutal facts of the Chinese Red terror. With horrifying detail, he exposes the new barbarians, who threaten all of Christianity and the Western world.

*At bookstores everywhere—the complete story—\$3.00*



HENRY REGNERY CO.  
20 W. Jackson Blvd. • Chicago 4

## How To Choose and Use a Hearing Aid

Confused by all of the different hearing aid claims? Wondering why there is a difference in performance, size and price? Would you like to know what to expect in amplification, power, wearing convenience...



L. A. WATSON

20 important factors to look for in a hearing aid? Mr. L. A. Watson, author of internationally known 600 page text "Hearing Tests and Hearing Instruments", has

just completed valuable booklet that is filled with information on how to select an aid. Send 25c in stamps or coins and it will be sent to you in a plain envelope.

L. A. WATSON, ROOM NO. 79Y  
21 NORTH 3rd STREET, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

wrong on the important issues and deserves a great deal of credit for some major achievements, but his blind spots and failings are often glaringly exposed in this recital.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

### BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS

By Oliver La Farge. 179 pages.  
Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00

East of Santa Fe and the Pecos, north of Las Vegas, and walled by the mountains of the Sangre de Cristo range is a peaceful green valley. Made up of two small villages and an embracing ranch, its inhabitants, friendly, courteous, hospitable people, are for the most part Spanish with varying proportions of Indian blood.

Among these simple folk in this secluded valley Consuelo Baca La Farge, wife of the author, was born and raised. Her Spanish father was the revered Jose Baca; her French mother, the wonderful Dona Marguerite. Although *patrones*, they were close to their people and loved by all.

This interesting bit of Americana focuses on the microcosm of the Baca family. Depicted is their everyday existence, their customs, their adventures. Twelve short, somewhat unrelated chapters (all but three of which appeared originally in the *New Yorker*) relate a true story of a way of life that flourished not long ago in our Southwest. The idyllic world of the Bacas has now succumbed to the invasion of tourists and modern machinery. Today life in the valley is but a dream of the past.

To recapture that dream has been Oliver La Farge's aim in this book: to paint "a world of sun and grace and violence in old New Mexico." He has succeeded. *Behind the Mountains* has much to praise; yet it has several shortcomings—particularly too many detailed descriptive sketches. Taken separately they are masterpieces of local color; collectively, rather dull reading.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

### HARRY OF MONMOUTH

By A. M. Maughan. 440 pages.  
Wm. Sloane Associates. \$1.50

This colorful novel woven around England's valorous Prince Hal recreates a towering historical figure and the turbulent times in which he lived. Maughan writes with vigor and insight, on a quality level not often found in today's historical novels.

In scenes which range from flashing battle to romance with Lady Katherine of France, whom he lovingly called Greensleeves, the man who did not wish to become the Fifth Henry is sketched in sympathetic, stirring lines. His childhood was less than happy, his youthful years roistering, but his reign brought

glory to facets of Maughan gives his the con into full arch are in Norm battles v. of Franc moment Hands, written, participated in this consider Reade historic pleasure pace an ALL M Ed. b Kene The which has ga range magazin as the n selves. show a compet in inter too. The day sit are the not as themes Comin Typew pathos "Gone a freed examp As t life be advan and an uppre White positive Exc tions two, l an old last C All worth is oft behol from issue trisin writin

nd  
me  
ots  
s.  
es.  
.00  
rth  
un-  
is  
of  
ing  
re-  
most  
ons  
se-  
rge,  
ed.  
ose  
der-  
nes,  
and  
ana  
aca  
day  
res.  
napp-  
red  
e a  
ched  
The  
suc-  
and  
the  
een  
book:  
and  
He  
ains  
eral  
many  
ken  
local  
ing  
sco.  
  
ges.  
4.50  
Eng  
es a  
tur-  
han  
in a  
day's  
  
hing  
rine  
illed  
wishes  
ched  
child-  
ful  
ight

glory to his land and unearthed new facets of his turbulent personality.

Maughan has the uncommon ability to give historical events and personages the contemporary touch. He brings into full dimension the youthful monarch around whom the intrigues and campaigns of a growing empire swirled and eddied. Agincourt, the English rout in Normandy in 1415, the wars and battles which preceded the appearance of France's saintly Joan, and the final moment when Henry sighed "Into Thy Hands, O Lord," have been skillfully written. The reader enjoys a sense of participation, rather than observation, in this tale of a man and an era of considerable interest.

Readers who are sated with the bosomy historical fictions will find this a pleasurable and rewarding change of pace and style.

JERRY COTTER.

## ALL MANNER OF MEN

Ed. by Riley Hughes. 335 pages. \$3.50



Riley Hughes

The short stories which Riley Hughes has gathered from the range of Catholic magazines are as varied as the magazines themselves. Although most show a high level of competence, they vary in interest and impact too. The early ones dealing with everyday situations, some of them (and these are the least successful) humorous, are not as striking as the tales on less usual themes. Three, however, "No Second Coming," "Nightcrawlers," and "The Typewriter," are fine studies of the pathos of childhood and growing up. "Gone to Freedom," the sufferings of a freed slave up North, stands out as an example of historical writing.

As the book develops with themes on life behind the Iron Curtain, of war and adventure, it mounts in entertainment and artistry. The pictures of Communist oppression, "Captain Luba and the White Dress" and "The Password," are positive moments of revelation.

Except for two cases, the characterizations of nuns and priests in this collection are surprisingly flimsy. In these two, however, an air force chaplain and an old lama of the West celebrating his last Christmas are superlative portrayals.

All Manner of Men is eminently worthwhile. In short reading, beauty is often pretty much in the eye of the beholder. Nonetheless, this book rescues from the too frequent oblivion of back issue files and library stacks some intrinsically memorable pieces of Catholic writing.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

# FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY Safe High-Potency Nutritional Formula VITAMINS MINERALS AND AMINO ACID

25 proven ingredients —  
11 Vitamins (including  
Blood-Building B<sub>12</sub> and  
Folic Acid), 11 Minerals,  
Choline, Inositol, and Methionine

NOW YOURS FREE

Yes, we want to send you FREE a 30-day supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. Capsules (a \$5.00 value) so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppler you feel after a few days' trial! Each capsule supplies your body with well over the minimum adult daily needs of the 11 important vitamins, plus 11 minerals, choline, inositol and amino acid.

### Potency and Purity Guaranteed

You can use these Capsules confidently because strict U.S. Government regulations demand that you get exactly what the label states — pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

**Amazing New Plan Slashes Vitamin Prices in Half!**  
With your free vitamins, we will send you complete details of an amazing new plan that provides you with a 30-day supply of vitamins every month for just \$2.00 — 60% less than the usual retail price. But remember — you're not obligated to buy from us or to return the supply of free capsules is limited — so mail coupon today!

VITASAFE CORPORATION  
43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.



## Sexton Sauces give extra zest!

Treat your taste buds to the unforgettable flavor of Sexton Bar-B-Q Sauce — prepared by top-ranking chefs.

Two other Sexton favorites—Las Pampas Chili Sauce—and Alamo Zestful Seasoning.

Hundreds of Sexton foods grace the menus of America's finest hotels, clubs and restaurants. Look for the Sexton label at better independent grocers.



John Sexton & Co., Chicago

Please order your books through THE SIGN



### Each Daily C. F. Capsule Contains:

Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>1</sub>	5 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>2</sub>	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>12</sub>	1 mg.
Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Calcium	30 mg.
Pantethene	4 mg.
Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Calcium	75 mg.
Phosphorus	58 mg.
Iron	30 mg.
Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Copper	0.45 mg.
Manganese	0.5 mg.
Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Iodine	0.075 mg.
Potassium	2 mg.
Zinc	0.5 mg.
Magnesium	3 mg.
Choline	31.4 mg.
Bitartrate	15 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.
di-Methionine	10 mg.

Compare this formula with any other!

VITASAFE CORP., Dept. 296

43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Please send me free a 30-day supply of the proven VITASAFE CF (Comprehensive Formula) Capsules, and full information about the VITASAFE plan. I am not under any obligation to buy any additional vitamins, and after trying my free sample supply, I will be given the opportunity to accept or reject the benefits and substantial savings offered in the VITASAFE Plan. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is mine to use free. I ENCLOSE 25¢ (coins or stamps) to help pay for packing and postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....  
This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per family.

## Something Wonderful Happens TO PEOPLE WHO LEARN MUSIC!

... here's how YOU can learn ANY instrument, even if you don't know a single note now!

A WHOLE NEW WORLD opens up when you learn to play. More invitations, self-confidence, enjoyment of leisure time. Possibly a new career! Even if you've never played a note, we can show you how to play simple pieces right away. NO special "talent" or teacher. NO tedious exercises. Learn to play BY NOTES—popular music, classical hymns etc. Penalties? None.

SEND FOR BOOKLET. No obligation. No salesmen. Just send name and address to: U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 1154, Port Washington, New York.

## OWN THIS BEAUTIFUL STATUE for only \$6.49

Post Paid anywhere in the U.S.A.



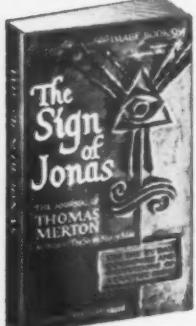
Plaster cast and beautifully colored finished in Florentine style. Complete in every detail. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Other Statues in 18 in. size, same quality, all one price, \$6.49 are: Our Lady of Grace, Sacred Heart of Jesus, St. Joseph, St. Jude, St. Theresa, St. Anthony, Lady of Fatima, St. Anne. Send Checks or Money Orders. No C.O.D.

CATHEDRAL STATUE CO.  
P. O. BOX 25, Dept. S,  
North Bergen, N. J.

DOUBLEDAY  
**IMAGE**  
**BOOKS**  
....making the world's finest Catholic literature available to all...



## Featured this month . . .



The day by day experiences and meditations of **THOMAS MERTON**

"A fascinating volume, replete with subtle insight and spiritual nourishment."

—JOHN A. O'BRIEN,  
Chicago Tribune

An absorbing picture of a dedicated way of life and of a Trappist monk's struggle to attain the serenity of devotion. Original edition, \$3.50. Image Book edition ONLY 95¢

Read - Give - Buy - Image Books - wherever books are sold

**DOUBLEDAY IMAGE BOOKS**  
575 Madison Ave. New York 22

**THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA**  
announces

**THE 1956 PREACHERS INSTITUTE**  
July 2 to August 8

Director:

Rev. John L. Madden  
Fees: Registration-\$5.00  
Tuition-\$65.00

Sermon building, composition; art of expression; actual preaching; elimination of defects; television and recording techniques.

For complete information write to Director of Summer Session, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.



## THE FIRST TIME AT THIS LOW PRICE

### Art collectors plaque of His Holiness Pope Pius XII

Rare and original work of art . . . a real connoisseur's treasure of great beauty. This handsome 8-in. replica of a famous original, now reproduced in exquisite porcelain or bronze-gold finish at an amazingly low price. A decorative plaque that should be in every Catholic home . . . an interesting conversation piece for the wall of your study, den or foyer.

Only . . . \$3.00  
postpaid

Catholic articles by mail  
Add your name to our mailing list

**STUDIO ROMA**  
Room 35, Park Building, Boston, Mass.

### PERSONALIZED ENVELOPES 200 for only \$2.00

postpaid

24 lb. White Wove Finish 3-5/8 x 6-1/4  
Ideal for mailing checks, bills, personal correspondence, etc. **SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER** 200 Envelopes and 100 printed Letterheads 5-3/4 x 7 for only \$2.75. Order a complete set today—you'll enjoy using them often. Send cash, check or money order to

STATIONERY HOUSE P. O. BOX 903  
STATION C, BUFFALO, N. Y.

## WANTED JEWELRY

We buy old or broken Jewelry. Highest cash paid immediately. Mail us gold teeth, watches, rings, diamonds, silverware, eye glasses, old gold, silver, platinum, mercury, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed or your articles returned. We are licensed gold buyers. Write for FREE information.

ROSE REFINERS  
29-AB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

## after Colds, Flu or Sore Throat FEEL STRONGER FAST

Build-Up TIRED BLOOD\* . . . Speed-Up Recovery!



If you feel tired and weak after illness, it may be due to iron-poor, Tired Blood. To feel stronger fast, try GERITOL, the high potency tonic that begins to strengthen Tired Blood in just 24 hours!

In only one day GERITOL iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body. Two tablespoons of GERITOL contain twice the iron in a pound of calves' liver, 7 times the iron in a pound of spinach.

Mrs. N. B. of St. Louis, writes:

"Geritol certainly does away with that tired, down-and-out feeling. After a recent short sickness I bought a bottle of Geritol

to get back the energy I had lost. I thank Geritol for the wonderful job it did in restoring my energy and putting me back on my feet."

Mrs. N. B. obviously had tired blood. If you've been feeling tired and worn-out lately because of tired blood due to a recent illness, get GERITOL, liquid or tablets, at your drugstore today!

Feel Stronger Fast—in 7 days or your money back!

\*Due to iron deficiency anemia

SAVE \$1.00

Buy the Economy Size



**GERITOL**  
for TIRED BLOOD

## THE THREE LEGIONS

By Gregory Solon.  
Random House.

304 pages.  
\$3.50

This would be just another novel of ancient Rome with the usual descriptions of its depravity except that it is about the Roman Army on German soil fighting for its life in a tragic battle. Mr. Solon's account of the battle is detailed, well-paced, and gratifyingly related to the personalities of the officers and men. There is only one woman in the book—a barbarian taken as concubine by one of the Tribunes—and she might as well have been left out. The author seems to assume that American soldiers, of whom he was one in World War II, are very like soldiers of the time of Augustus Caesar and in many respects he is probably correct. However, his dialogue is sprinkled with coarse modern colloquialisms which make a jarring contrast with the poetic, almost exalted, quality of his narrative. In fact, this novel is really an epic in prose. The best that can be said about it is that it has a theme of great possibilities—the successful ambush of the three legions by the barbarians—and an author who is really a poet: the worst, that he has degraded his theme and deprived it of the nobility it could have had as a piece of literature because of the excessive concern with sex, cruelty, and filth. An author who writes for people's recreation should do just that—recreate, but when his work is erotic or vulgar, he fails in his mission. Mr. Solon came close to success in *The Three Legions*.

PAULA BOWLES

## BEN FRANKLIN

Nelson Beecher Keyes. 318 pages.  
Hanover House. \$2.95

Subtitled "An Affectionate Portrait," this readable volume is another Franklin work marking the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the first citizen of his day. Those familiar with Franklin's *Autobiography* will find in this volume an excellent companion piece to that classic.

A native of Philadelphia by adoption—as was Franklin—Mr. Keyes was for more than a decade with the National Bible Press in the Quaker City. He has more than a passing interest in Ben Franklin's religious beliefs and he demonstrates that Franklin was by no means without spiritual tenets although he seemed to abhor the idea of belonging to a particular sect.

No matter how often one may read the story of Franklin's life, one cannot

fail to be impressed with the wide range of the man's interests and activities. Franklin's first love—printing—seems to have been the magic vehicle which carried him into the realms of science, politics, economics, military science, and, of course, writing itself.

Franklin could have met with little success had he not first and foremost been a shrewd Yankee businessman. Retiring in his early forties with financial independence freeing his mind from monetary cares, he devoted the second half of his life span to pursuits which would have done the ancient Roman and Greek man of leisure proud.

Catholic historians will find that the book does not aid in further evaluating Franklin's role in the elevation of Father John Carroll to the See of Baltimore; it does however indicate Franklin's profound fondness for the Jesuit. All in all, Mr. Keyes' view of Franklin is pleasant and rewarding.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

## SING, MORNING STAR

By Jane Oliver. 318 pages. Putnam.

\$3.75

*Sing, Morning Star* is a dynamic novel of the time of William the Conqueror, when Scotia, our modern Scotland, was still an independent kingdom. The author does not dramatize history, but firmly sketches her characters in their historic environment, then proceeds to work out the human struggle. The result is enthralling.

Though the novel is a variant of the *Macbeth* story, it takes a different course here. For one thing the underlying theme is not vengeance, but rather how to keep the peace or how to make love, rather than hate, prevail. "Has no man on this earth the wit to live in peace?" asks the saintly Edward II, and the answer is not simple. Men go to battle to protect their homes and family, for the sake of honor, adventure, plunder, or for a fellowship no other experience gives them. So it was then—so it is now.

The bleak landscape, the boldly sketched characterization, the beauty of the style, and the profundity of the thought make this a work of great importance. An example of the thought may be in order. When the young Princess Margaret tells her confessor that she wants to enter the convent to pray for a world torn by war, he says, "There are some who find it easier to pray than to love, and others who are given the opportunity to learn that love itself is prayer," and so she marries Malcolm, King of Scotia, surrounds him with love and helpfulness, brings up a large family, wears herself to the bone caring for the poor and fostering charitable projects and building churches, all

in an effort to set love to work in the affairs of men. This is a beautiful characterization of Queen Margaret, who, one hundred and fifty-seven years later, was canonized by Pope Innocent II.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

## THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO

By Bernal Diaz del Castillo. 478 pages. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

\$6.50

The story of the conquest of Mexico in 1519-21 by Hernando Cortés has been the subject of numerous works, both historical and fictional. Practically all of these secondhand versions, including the classic work by W. H. Prescott, *Conquest of Mexico*, have leaned heavily on the eye-witness account of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the conquistadores who served under Cortés during the entire Mexican campaign.

Bernal Diaz' original manuscript, *The True History of the Conquest of New Spain*, was extensively corrupted when first published by Friar Alonso Remón in Madrid in 1632. Since all the later editions and translations were based on this early but inaccurate version, the *True History* has never really been known. The present American edition is based on the only exact copy (now in the hands of the Guatemalan government) as it came from the pen of Diaz himself. It represents, therefore, a major achievement in early American historiography.

Diaz' account is more than basic source history, however. The events that he witnessed and described in the unpolished but highly realistic style of the hardened warrior—the human sacrifices in Tenochtitlan, the bloody skirmishes with the enemy, the capture of Montezuma in his own palace—will tingle the spine of the average reader. Though basically it is history, Diaz' book has something of the quality of a novel, for which his readers will be warmly grateful.

It is much too early to be hazarding any guesses regarding selections for the outstanding books of 1956. This reviewer will not be surprised, however, to find *The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico* among the list of strong contenders.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

## THE MARYKNOLL GOLDEN BOOK

Ed. by Albert J. Nevins. 444 pages. Book Treasures.

\$4.50

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, better known as Maryknoll, is a phenomenon of contemporary Catholicism. In a comparatively short span of years it has written an illustrious

NEW—Imported from Italy



\$1.98

### A Lasting Symbol Of Your Devotion

Every Catholic family should have this enduring home altar, as an external expression of inner piety. Beautifully decorated with gold leaf, made of durable plastic, it contains 6 removable pieces including chalice and tabernacle which opens to hold the chalice, 2 candlesticks with candles and crucifix. The altar itself has a compartment in the back to store the set. Altar plate is 11" wide by 5½" high. Special price to church groups and organizations. Postpaid. SEND NO MONEY, pay postman \$1.98 plus postage, or send \$1.98, we pay postage and handling.

MEDFORD PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. SG2  
P.O. Box 209, Cathedral Sta., N. Y. 25, N.Y.



## To help your daughter understand

Does your daughter know about menstruation? Or does she seem shy or disinterested?

Many mothers are puzzled about just how and when to discuss this important subject with their young daughters.

Whatever your problem, you will find the booklet "How Shall I Tell My Daughter?" a welcome help. Beautifully illustrated, it is approved by leading educators and physicians.

Mail coupon for your copy—free from the makers of Modess Sanitary Napkins and Belts.

Personal Products Corporation  
Box 5082-4, Milltown, New Jersey

Please send me a free copy of "How Shall I Tell My Daughter?"

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Offer good only in U.S.A.)

# The Sign

Have You Forgotten  
To Order It  
For Yourself—Or  
Anyone Else?

**The SIGN Magazine**

Room 104, Sign Bldg.,  
Union City, N. J.

Rev. dear Father:

Please enter subscription(s) for the following:

(Check here  if gift cards should be sent to you, so you may send them personally).

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

One Year \$3     Two Years \$5  
Subscription is  NEW     RENEWAL  
 Send Gift Card Directly, Signed:

From .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

One Year \$3     Two Years \$5  
Subscription is  NEW     RENEWAL  
 Send Gift Card Directly, Signed:

From .....

ALSO, PLEASE ENTER  RENEW  MY OWN SUBSCRIPTION FOR..... YEARS.

MY NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

I ENCLOSE \$.....  PLEASE BILL ME

GIFT RATES:  
One Year \$3.00  
Two Years or Two 1-Year Subscriptions \$5.00  
Each Additional 1-Year—\$2.50  
Foreign: Add 50¢ Per Year

# The Sign

history of American missionary activity throughout the world. It is no wonder that this triumphant endeavor has both inspired and provided material for a wealth of mission literature.

Father Nevins has not limited himself to Maryknoll literature but has also included selections by writers, many of them famous in the world of letters, whose worldly fancy has been caught by the otherworldly dedication of the missionary. Alan Paton, James A. Michener, Graham Greene, W. Somerset Maugham, A. J. Cronin, and others are represented in the august assembly of contributors, not to mention a score of religious—some of them canonized saints—whose labors in the Lord's vineyards have given them something that cannot be duplicated by the imagination of even the best novelists.

There is both joy and sorrow in these writings. Perhaps more dramatic are such tragic tales as Father John J. Lawler's account of his ministrations to the nearly 300 victims of a pilgrimage-train wreck or Father William R. Booth's recounting of the Korean death march in which Bishop Patrick J. Byrne, first priest to join the Maryknoll Society, lost his life. But there is humor and local color too, as for example, in Father Francis X. Lyons' description of the Andean Indian's somewhat unorthodox practice of Catholicism, *How To Be a Witch*.

A classical portrait of the missionary is painted by Bishop James Edward Walsh, second superior general of Maryknoll.

These are but a few of the highlights, and of course every reader will have his favorites. From Robert Louis Stevenson to St. Thérèse of Lisieux, and from Bob Considine to Bishop Sheen, the emphasis is the same: the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth is a truly dramatic and inspiring story.

WILLIAM T. DARDEN.

## BOON ISLAND

By Kenneth Roberts. 275 pages.  
Doubleday. \$3.75

In the winter of 1710, the merchantman "Nottingham" sailed out of Greenwich, England, bound for Portsmouth, Maine. It never reached its destination. After one hundred and thirty-five days at sea a howling northeaster smashed the vessel on an ice-covered rock—Boon Island. Here, just a few miles off the coast of Maine, Captain Dean and thirteen of his crew were marooned.

Lacking food and fire, without tools and proper clothing, survival seemed impossible. Of the "Nottingham" there



K. Roberts

was nothing but a few pieces of driftwood, sails, and cordage. As though to prove that man is a viable animal, the narrative focuses on the means Captain Dean utilized to sustain the lives of his men. Some twenty-four days later, after unbearable suffering, mutiny, and cannibalism, those left alive are rescued.

Kenneth Roberts claims that this is one of those novels that had to be written. For years he had itched to relate the wreck of the "Nottingham." Ever since he first heard the true story, he sought for a way to tell it in fiction form. The adventures of Captain Dean assumed major importance in his creative imagination. The result: *Boon Island*.

Unfortunately, this is not one of his better novels. *Boon Island* cannot be dubbed outstanding. Yet it is, despite its shortcomings, an absorbing tale, realistically told.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

## SHORT NOTICES

**ONE SHEPHERD, ONE FLOCK.** By Oliver Barres. 203 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.00. This is something a little different in the way of a conversion story. The first half of the book, which he calls "Threshold Thoughts," was written before the author, a Congregationalist minister, was received into the Church and gives a step-by-step, thought-by-thought analysis of the rational process which finally led him to acknowledge the truth of the Catholic claims. It is a view of a conversion-at-work that the reader gets. The second half, after conversion, is entitled "Catholicism or Chaos" and deals with some of the doctrines and practices that present the most difficulties to the Protestant mind and which were particularly troublesome to him. The deep waters of Protestant disunity were his most compelling reasons for following through to the logical conclusion that if Christ founded a Church than He must have founded only one, and that one the Roman Catholic Church. It is a thrilling moment for the reader as well as for Mr. Barres, when by a logic that is clear and unerring he faces the fact and accepts it.

**HAPPY MARRIAGE.** By John A. O'Brien. Hanover House. 313 pages. \$3.50. Despite the abundance of marriage books, Father O'Brien's will find and deserve its own audience. Not conspicuously well written, the book is cluttered in its organization and the author's attempts at human interest and readability (especially in the use of conversation) will strike many readers as





## THE ALEXIAN BROTHERS

Brothers staff every department of their modern hospitals and institutions. Education and training given after admission.

- REGISTERED AND PRACTICAL NURSES
- STATIONARY ENGINEERS
- X-RAY AND LABORATORY TECHNICIANS
- COOKS - BAKERS - DIETICIANS
- PHARMACISTS - ANESTHETISTS
- FARMERS - PHYSIOTHERAPISTS
- CAPITAL ADMINISTRATORS
- ACCOUNTANTS - TYPISTS
- PAINTERS - CARPENTERS

Sanctify yourself and serve Christ's sick as a Hospital Brother. Illustrated booklet sent without charge or obligation.

**ALEXIAN BROTHERS**  
VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR  
1240 W. Belden Ave., Chicago — 14, Ill.



## The Marianists

Teaching Brothers,  
Working Brothers,  
and priests.  
Write: Bro. John,  
Mt. St. John  
4370 Patterson Road  
Dayton 10, Ohio

## YOUNG MEN NEEDED AS FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

Young men wishing to follow their Divine Master and interested in boarding school work or the rehabilitation of problem boys can obtain more information by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial, Mt. Alverno, Cincinnati 3, Ohio.

## BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

If you seek God and desire to serve Him, as a Brother or Priest, in a monastery which stresses and exemplifies the oneness of all men in Christ, write to:

Director of Vocations  
St. Maura's Priory  
South Union, Kentucky

## CHRIST'S MEDICAL CORPSMEN

**THE MISSION OF NURSING THE SICK IS ESPECIALLY CHRISTLIKE.** Young Man, YOU may attain to personal holiness and help to save souls by embracing the life of a HOSPITALLER BROTHER.

Write: Director of Vocations  
Hospitaler Brothers of St. John of God,  
Western Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.



Franciscan Missionary  
Brothers of the Sacred  
Heart of Jesus  
care for the needy, aged, afflicted  
and chronically ill. Nurse the sick  
and save souls. Whatever your  
talents are, they can be used to  
assist in this tremendously needed  
apostolate. Write to:

Reverend Brother Superior  
St. Francis Monastery  
Eureka, Mo.

## Do You Want To Be A TEACHING BROTHER?

The Brothers of Christian Instruction (F.I.C.) devote themselves to teaching in Grammar School, High School and College. For information address:

Brother George      Brother Director  
LaMennais College,      Mount Assumption Institute  
Alfred, Maine      Plattsburgh, N. Y.



**MEN IN SANDALS**  
The Discalced Carmelite Fathers combine a life of contemplation and action. For information about the priesthood or brotherhood, write to:  
Director of Vocations, Discalced Carmelite Monastery, 514 Warren St., Brookline, Massachusetts.

## SIGN SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA

You may send your payments to  
**THE SIGN**  
Passionist Fathers  
Box 53, Station K      Toronto, Ontario

## FROM CANTERBURY TO ROME

(Continued from page 17)

many groupings within the Anglican church, ranging from extreme "Papalists" (approximately one thousand of whom daily say the Roman Mass in English and publicly pray for "Our Pope Pius" instead of for "Geoffrey, Archbishop of Canterbury") to good, solid middle-of-the-roaders. It has just opened its ranks to laymen.

At this moment the Group is leading a campaign for the revoking of the South India resolutions by Convocation when it meets again in May. Since they represent only some 20 per cent of the total of Anglican clergy, it is unlikely that they will succeed. "Then, logically," says Ross Williamson, "they should draw the theological conclusions and see where the truth really lies."

But men do not always draw the logical conclusions, and it is too much to hope at this stage that anything more than a minority of them will make the break in May and come to the Church.

Not all those who have come into the Church in recent months have, in any case, been members of the group. Tavernor was not a member. Nor was John Mead-Briggs, member of a family with a long Anglican tradition, who was recently received into the Church. He was a parson teaching in an Anglican school in Canterbury itself. The accumulated doubts of years came to a head with the South India controversy.

He has a wife and two children. When I met him in Canterbury he was just beginning to get used to teaching in a Catholic Benedictine school as a layman. He had still to feel the full consequences of an income 40 per cent lower than that which he received as an Anglican clergyman-teacher and to grow accustomed to insecurity instead of the snug security of the Anglican parson.

To the "born Catholic," Anglo-Catholicism may seem a very poor imitation of the real thing and he may find it difficult even to be patient about what seem the very unreal issues which are giving the Church in Britain its most significant flow of converts since Newman's Second Spring.

But Kenneth Dain, another clergyman who has recently come to the Church and is now studying at the Westminster diocesan seminary, put into words a thought which came up time after time in my conversations with the others. "I am thankful for Anglo-Catholicism," he told me, "for leading me to the truth. I believe that God is at work in the Anglican Church calling those who would follow Him to the True Church."

No one can say how many may yet respond to that call.

## SEND FOR Free Record

START SPEAKING

## FRENCH or SPANISH ALMOST OVERNIGHT!

HERE'S the easiest way to learn FRENCH, SPANISH, Russian, German, Italian, Japanese or Brazilian. Listen to FREE 2-sided, non-breakable record. You'll learn words in FREE sample lesson. Almost at once you'll be chatting in a new language with a perfect accent! That's all you hear! No dull, tedious work. Just listen—imitate! It's that easy! Offer may end soon. Rush 25¢ to cover cost of special packaging, shipping. State language you want. We'll also send free information of all courses. No obligation. **CORTINA ACADEMY**, Dept. 1334, 136 W. 32nd St., New York 19.

**MAKE ROSARIES.** Easy, light work. Using only fine wire, beads and small pliers. Clean, no gluing nor soldering. Enjoyable. Ask for free decade to prove this to yourself. Ideal for shut-ins to establish confidence in themselves by gaining new hobby and, in some cases, a source of income and new friends. Write for free instructive catalog.

**Murphy and Spratlin Company**  
Box 419K1      Pittsfield, Mass.

## SIGN SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA

You may send your payments to

**THE SIGN**  
Passionist Fathers  
Box 53, Station K      Toronto, Ontario

## CHURCH BULLETINS

Every progressive church should use Winters' De Luxe Bulletin Board. Dignified, effective, and economical. Over 7,000 in use, increase attendance, interest, and collections. Write today for Illus Catalog St. H. E. Winters Specialty Company, Davenport, Iowa.

## LAST WILL & TESTAMENT

**WILL PLANNING GUIDE**  
\$1.00  
Money Back Guarantee!  
Order now. Full set \$1.00 (3 for \$2.00).  
C & L CORP., SUITE 5-1  
7015 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif.

**Germany's SPECTOSCOPE**  
The Binoculars you  
wear just like  
eyeglasses!  
Get close-up, magnified views! Wear all  
day without fatigue. Individual  
focus. Weight 1 oz. Send ch. cash  
or m.o. 5-day money back guaran-  
tee.

Thoresen's, Dpt. 39-D-90, 352 4th Ave., N.Y. 10

## LATE VOCATIONS

Men 18-30



Don Bosco offers you a chance to become a Salesian Priest or Teaching Brother.

Accelerated Latin Courses

Write to:  
**Reverend Father Director**

**DON BOSCO COLLEGE SALESIAN SEMINARY**  
Newton  
New Jersey

**THE HANDMAIDS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.**  
This Congregation is dedicated to preparation by means of daily adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, retreat work, schools and foreign missions. Applicants are invited to make a private retreat in order to consider a choice of life. Write to:  
Blessed Raphael Mary of the S. H., Foundress  
700 East Church Lane  
Philadelphia 44, Pa.



Join the CORPUS CHRISTI CARMELITES  
in their "Great Adventure" of seeking souls for Christ by missionary and social welfare work in America and in foreign lands.

Write to:

CARMELITE SISTERS  
Middletown, N. Y.

## MISSIONARY FRANCISCAN SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Do you wish to serve God in the home and in the foreign missions? The Missionary Franciscan Sisters conduct schools, orphanages, catechetical centers, and clinics in the United States, Canada, Egypt, Australia, and New Guinea. For information write to:

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
20 Manet Road, Chestnut Hill 67, Massachusetts

## "BRIGHT TOMORROWS"

is a leaflet depicting our life and work in home and foreign missions. Copy upon request. Congregation conducts hospitals, schools, orphanages, and does social work.

MISSIONARY SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
P. O. Box 1688 TS  
New Street and Squirrelwood Road Paterson, New Jersey

### The Carmelite Sisters for the Aged and Infirm

"Your Life—What Shall It Be?" Will you offer it to God? Would you care for the forgotten people of the world—the aged? They need your love, your youth! They need you to help them prepare for Heaven—to bring joy to their last days on earth. Are YOU interested? Write to

Rev. Mother M. Angelina Teresa, O.Carm.  
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Germantown, New York

## DAUGHTERS OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

offer a joyous way of religious life in the service of the poor, the lonely, the forsaken. Girls between eighteen and thirty who have the courage to respond to Christ's invitation to leave all and follow Him may find peace and happiness in a life dedicated to God. The Sisters engage in social work, teaching, nursing, the care of children, and serve in foreign missions.

Sponsored by a friend of the  
Daughters of Charity who  
loves their love of God and  
love of their fellow man.

Send for descriptive literature to  
SISTER BERTRANDE, MARILLAC SEMINARY  
Normandy 21, St. Louis, Missouri

### SIGN SUBSCRIBERS IN CANADA

You may send your payments to  
THE SIGN  
Passionist Fathers  
Box 53, Station K Toronto, Ontario

## ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

(formerly College of Our Lady of Mercy)  
On SEBAGO LAKE—17½ Miles from Portland  
Conducted by Sisters of Mercy  
Religious and lay faculty.

Liberal Arts Teachers College  
Address: THE DEAN, 242 WALTON ST.  
PORTLAND, MAINE

## MOUNT ST. CHARLES ACADEMY

Boarding School for BOYS Woonsocket, R. I.  
Directed by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart.  
Grade 8, through High School. State Accredited  
Classical, Scientific, Commercial, and General  
Courses. Very moderate rates. Write for catalog.

## COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH

Resident and Day  
A.B. and B.S. Degrees

Liberal arts, sciences, business administration,  
home economics, pre-medical, teacher training.  
Spacious campus. Complete facilities  
for student activities program  
Convent Station, New Jersey

The Missionary Sisters of the Precious Blood offer to generous young ladies who desire to make the Precious Blood fruitful in many souls, the following activities: teaching in kindergarten, elementary and high school grades and as catechists; nursing; dentistry; domestic science; music and art—in the home and foreign missions.

If interested, please write to:

MOTHER SUPERIOR,  
Precious Blood Convent, P.O. Box 43,  
Shillington, Pa.

## THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR CURABLE CANCER

Dominican Sisters,  
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

## MISSIONARY BENEDICTINE SISTERS

Young ladies who wish to join a life of prayer and apostolic work according to Benedictine ideals in home and foreign missions may write for information to

Reverend Mother Prioress  
Immaculate Convent Norfolk, Nebraska

## YOU CAN WIN SOULS

For Christ as a Missionary Sister, nursing, Social Service, teaching catechism, in U. S. and Okinawa, Age 16-36, Written:

Mother Mary Angela, FMSI,  
Daughter of Mary,  
Health of the Sick,  
Vista Maria, Cragsmoor, N. Y.



## MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS PHILADELPHIA

To bring the charity of Christ the Medical Mission Sisters—doctors, nurses, pharmacists, technicians, secretaries, housekeepers—care for the sick and suffering in the mission lands of India, Pakistan, Africa, Indonesia, North and South America.

For Information Write:  
MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M.D.  
8400 Pine Road Philadelphia 11, Pa.

## GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Lakewood, New Jersey

Four-year course leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees  
Liberal Arts: Fine Arts: Science: Music:  
Teacher Training: Home Economics:  
Business Administration.

Fully Accredited.

## ARCHMERE ACADEMY

Accredited boys' preparatory school under Norbertine Canons. High school only. Limited enrollment, resident or day. Public speaking, music, social activities. Moral and spiritual guidance. Complete sports program. Early application advised. For catalog and information write:

Very Reverend Headmaster  
Box 67-S, Claymont, Delaware

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

tine to paint pictures which I am certain must please the Holy Family.

DAVID BERNARD MELTZER

ITHACA, N. Y.

... It is regrettable that there are many adults today whose notions of "Catholic Art" embrace willingly only the saccharine and insipid; and that some thought it necessary to keep sight of the cover from all comers, and others from children and pupils.

... I believe that most little children, if not influenced by the "painful impression" of their elders, would be far from finding it ugly or shocking in any way....

I hope that Alex Ross will go on painting pictures of like merit and that THE SIGN will go on publishing them and works of other artists of like talent....

EVELYN G. GUMPRECHT

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

... Today I wanted to see this picture which has caused people to write to you using such strong language. ... I can see nothing sacrilegious or monstrous about it. I think the features are peaceful and holy, not at all ugly....

JOHN POLITI

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

... I was absolutely flabbergasted at the writers' disrespectful, destructive criticism....

They certainly have the right to like or dislike any artistic style they choose, but I think they are abusing their privilege when they use such terms....

I was impressed quite favorably by Alex Ross's "The Nativity."

MISS PHYLLIS MARCHIANO

BURLINGTON, N. J.

... Am shocked to see how many of the readers were "disgusted" with your Christmas painting.

I was delighted with the art and the beautiful symbolism behind it.

SUSAN HARRIGAN

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Seeing all the fuss, ... I dug up the back copy and gave it a second look....

I don't see any reason for all the fuss.... Stick to your guns.

IRENE CSONTOS

CLEVELAND, OHIO

... It is magnificent in its simplicity and humility....

THOMAS McGEE

HOUSTON, TEXAS

... I did not see Alex Ross's painting of the Nativity on the cover of the December issue, but after reading the last (God bless them) four contributors upholding the painting (three of whom are probably experienced in art) I suppose the first five complainants see too much Art Godfrey and not enough of God.

JOHN J. BURGOYNE

CINCINNATI, OHIO

The symbolism in your Christmas cover was beautiful—but the fact remains

THE SIGN



# Benedictine Colleges and High Schools in the United States

Conducted by the Monks of St. Benedict  
Educators for 14 Centuries

## COLLEGES

**St. Bernard College**  
**St. Bernard, ALABAMA**

**St. Procopius College**  
**Lisle, ILLINOIS**

**St. Bede College**  
**Peru, ILLINOIS**

**St. Benedict's College**  
**Atchison, KANSAS**

**St. John's University**  
**Collegeville, MINNESOTA**

**St. Anselm's College**  
**Manchester, NEW HAMPSHIRE**

**Belmont Abbey College**  
**Belmont, NORTH CAROLINA**

**St. Gregory's Junior College**  
**Shawnee, OKLAHOMA**

**St. Vincent College**  
**Latrobe, PENNSYLVANIA**

**St. Martin's College**  
**Olympia, WASHINGTON**

## HIGH SCHOOLS

**St. Bernard High School**  
**St. Bernard, ALABAMA**

**Subiaco Academy**  
**Subiaco, ARKANSAS**

**The Abbey School**  
**Canon City, COLORADO**

**St. Leo Prep School**  
**St. Leo, FLORIDA**

**Benedictine Military School**  
(Day school only)

**34th and Bull Streets**  
**Savannah, GEORGIA**

**Marmion Military Academy**  
**621 Lake Street**  
**Aurora, ILLINOIS**

**St. Procopius College Academy**  
**Lisle, ILLINOIS**

**St. Bede Academy**  
**Peru, ILLINOIS**

**Maur Hill School**  
**Atchison, KANSAS**

**St. John's Prep School**  
**Collegeville, MINNESOTA**

**Delbarton School**  
**Morristown, NEW JERSEY**

**Assumption Abbey High School**  
**Richardton, NORTH DAKOTA**

**Benedictine High School**  
(Day school only)

**2900 East Blvd.**  
**Cleveland 4, OHIO**

**St. Vincent's Prep School**  
**Latrobe, PENNSYLVANIA**

**Benedictine High School**  
(Day school only)

**304 North Sheppard St.**  
**Richmond 21, VIRGINIA**

**St. Martin's High School**  
**Olympia, WASHINGTON**

**St. Anselm's Priory School**  
(Day school only)

**14th St. & S. Dak. Ave. N.E.**

**Washington, D.C.**

Benedictine educators attack the problems of modern life in the light of a rich tradition of scholarship which reaches back to the sixth century. American Monks of the Benedictine Congregations throughout the United States have prepared young men in high school for higher education, and in college for careers of maximum service, for the past hundred years.

Benedictine education seeks to integrate mental and physical training to serve the needs of the soul. By their distinctively personalized methods, the Benedictines strive to counteract the current tendency toward mass indoctrination and sterile uniformity. Their goal is the development of the fully Catholic man—who can take a dynamic and vitalizing role in modern society.

For further information write to Rev. Registrar, B.H.C. of the school of your choice.

## JESUIT TEA

So known because it has been cultivated by Jesuits in South America for over 200 years. Better known as Yerba Maté. Provides energy, soothing to the nerves. Send for your free copy of "The Wonderful Story of South American Mate." Comes in tea bags. Possesses amazing qualities. Or send one dollar for a generous supply\*.

★★★ D. TURET, Importer ★★★  
782 Village Station, New York 14, N. Y.



If & WHEN You Move  
Please Remember to Send  
Your Old AND New Address  
to THE SIGN

## IMMACULATA JUNIOR COLLEGE

Directed by the Sisters of Providence of Saint-Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana. Fully accredited 2 & 4-year courses in nursing, home economics, secretarial, Art, Music (including harp), 4-year college preparatory high school on adjoining campus. Social, educational and cultural advantages of Nation's Capital. Resident day. Please state age, grade in school. Catalog. Registrar, Department S Washington 16, D. C.



### Saint Joseph College

Beautiful campus at foot of Blue Ridge Mts. Fully accredited Catholic college of liberal arts and sciences for women. Education, journalism, business, lab. technology, home economics, nursing, gym, sports, pool. Joint programs in music and drama with nearby men's college activities. Established 1892. Indicate school and year of graduation. Catalog. Saint Joseph College, Dept. P, Emmitsburg, Md.

## Ladycliff College

Highland Falls, New York

Four-Year Course, leading to the Degree of Arts, Science, Education  
**LADYCLIFF ACADEMY for Girls**—  
A Chartered Regents High School—  
Commercial Electives.  
Resident and Day Students

## Mount Saint Agnes College

Mount Washington, Baltimore 9, Maryland  
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools

Courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science Degrees. Liberal Arts, Teacher Training, Nursing, Medical Technology and Business.



## LA SALLE Military Academy

Foremost Catholic military school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college prep. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Complete facilities for spiritual development, intellectual progress, physical fitness. Senior ROTC. 200-acre campus. 73rd year. 50 miles N.Y.C. Write for Catalog. Box S, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

## College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York  
Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station, New York City

## COLLEGE OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce, Education, and Teacher Training  
Accredited by the Association of American Universities  
Campus bordering Hudson River • One half hour from Grand Central Station, New York City  
Address Secretary



## YOUR CHURCH WINDOWS CAN INSPIRE WORSHIP

Through the use of "Windowphanie" plain glass windows can be transformed into rich, colorful Art Glass Effects at small expense. Easily applied.

Ask for Free Sample.

WINDOWPHANIE COMPANY Dept. S  
855 Bloomfield Ave., Glenridge, N. J.

## Georgetown Preparatory School

Successful preparation for leading colleges and universities since 1789. Under Jesuit Fathers. Fully accredited. 7th grade through High School. 93 acres of campus and playing fields. Nine-hole golf course. Boys enjoy advantages of Washington. For catalog and view book address: Rev. Wm. A. Ryan, S.J., Headmaster, Box S, Garrett Park, Maryland. Suburban to Washington, D. C.

## MOUNT SAINT MARY ON-THE-HUDSON

All grades complete from first to twelfth. State-chartered; accredited, Middle States. Preparation for college, business, life. Character development and health stressed. Homelike personal supervision. Fireproof building; beautiful 42-acre campus. Illustrated Catalog.

**SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC**  
Newburgh, N. Y.

## COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

Baltimore 10, Maryland

A fully accredited Catholic College for Women, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Courses leading to B.A. degree, with concentration in Art, Languages, Literature, Sciences, Music, Social Studies, Speech, Mathematics, Philosophy and Theology. Workshops in Creative Writing. Education courses leading to teacher certification. Pre-medical and laboratory technician training. Full physical education program, including swimming.

For Catalogue and Further Information  
Address the Registrar

## OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY

Syosset, Long Island, New York

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Affiliated with the State University. Grades 7 through 12. School busses leave from Jamaica, Hempstead, Great Neck, and Manhasset. Bus also meets trains at Syosset. School Session 10 A.M.—3:45 P.M.

Conducted by:  
**THE SISTERS OF MERCY**

## College of New Rochelle

New Rochelle, New York

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Westchester County—Sixteen Miles From Grand Central Station, New York City

## THAT PICTURE IS UGLY!

RITA VAN HEUSDEN

DETROIT, MICH.

## WHAT LOLA GOT (cont'd)

I like THE SIGN. I like Lucile Hasley (January, p. 46). I don't like Positive Thinking—at least Dr. Peale's style. But I can't help thinking—do we have to tear people down the way Mrs. Hasley tore down Dr. Peale? Sure, the man's in the wrong. Maybe he's even blasphemous! But do we have to treat him, write about him, as though he were a sheer crackpot? Mrs. Hasley's pooh-poos are bad for two reasons: they aren't quite Christian and they aren't very practical—that is, if you want to accomplish anything really positive.

Otherwise THE SIGN and Mrs. Hasley are fine as far as I'm concerned.

REV. JONATHAN FOSTER, O.F.M.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Except to be annoyed and disturbed, I found no message in the article. . . .

MRS. KARL BURKARD  
ROME, N. Y.

. . . Packed quite a wallop. Unfortunately, her blows only battered the wind. . . . In short, let's knock off the biting satire and antagonism when we sit down with the non-Catholic.

EDWIN J. ALSING

OKINAWA, RYUKYU ISLANDS

I am sure that article didn't hurt Dr. Peale as much as it hurt your magazine.

E. NIESSEN

JENKINTOWN, PA.

When Lucile Hasley recovers from her attack of "The Cutes," I wish she would write an article on Dr. Peale. . . . About as silly as even Mrs. Hasley can get at times. . . .

ANN B. CHRISTENSON  
WETHERSFIELD, CONN.

. . . This is the first time I have read anything against the book, *How To Live 365 Days a Year*. . . . I think your critic missed the point of the book entirely. Is she perhaps a novice in the very necessary but difficult role of an analyst? . . .

MRS. GEORGE NELSON

MANKATO, MINN.

For months now, since reading *The Power of Positive Thinking*, I've been wondering if perhaps I wasn't some kind of moron. Now, thanks to Lucile, I can breathe easy again, secure in the knowledge that I am not the only one the doctrine of Positive Thinking leaves a bit on the chilly, un receptive side. . . .

The SIGN certainly is to be commended on taking the initiative in "squoshing" such pretentious tripe.

REG MACDONALD

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Being a Muslim . . . I particularly enjoyed and agree with Lucile Hasley's "Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets." The books or literature which she discussed struck me as being a great contribution to secularism. . . .

PAUL MERIT

BUFFALO, N. Y.

## CANADA

I just read the article by J. G. Shaw on Catholic Schools in Canada (January, p. 13) and find it very misleading. He should have headed the article in "Quebec province" not, as he did, "in Canada." The greatest mistake is the statement which says that corporation taxes are divided between the majority and minority school boards. That is not true: all corporation taxes go to the Protestant public schools unless it can be proven that Catholics own the corporation and declare that their taxes are to go to the separate schools. A number of his other statements are only half-truths and misleading.

REV. T. G. DILL

WINDSOR, ONT., CANADA

*Title aside, Shaw did limit himself: "Ontario and Quebec . . . provide matching and contrasting examples . . ." (January, p. 11). Of corporation taxes he wrote: "(Ontario Catholics) want an equitable distribution of corporation taxes. As things stand at present, these taxes go almost entirely to the nondenominational public schools."* (p. 15).

... I do welcome those articles on Canada and Canadians which appear occasionally. How about more and oftener?

H. G. KIRLEY

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

## CONCERT IN MAINE

Through the ad in THE SIGN we contacted the Whalen's Enterprises and conducted a Concert, on January 12th at Saco City Hall, by Christopher Lynch, Sonia Vargas, and Joan Thomas.

It was a wonderful success and did much for Catholic prestige in our town. The Concert was well received and the artists were wonderful. . . .

EVELYN R. CHASE

SAO, MAINE

## AN ANSWER

You pose the question (January, p. 12) "Is THE SIGN a woman's magazine?" The answer is positively no.

Consider the evidence, to wit: The ultra-conservative-Catholic editorial controversy. You wouldn't find such a controversy in a woman's magazine. Consider the salty "Current Fact and Comment." Masculine directness and forcefulness abound here. Consider Father McDonough's "The Sign Post." Masculine sternness and uncompromisingness abound in "The Sign Post."

American informality, self-confidence, vigor, and independence permeate THE SIGN. To me, THE SIGN's editorial staff must come from simple, industrious, fun-loving, Christlike, happy Eastern U.S. families.

LAWRENCE E. McALISTER

FLUSHING, N. Y.

## THANKS

For many years I have been reading your wonderful magazine and when I finish reading it there are many inmates here who enjoy and profit by its contents.

REV. A. GLASER, S. J.  
CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN  
DEPT. OF CORRECTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE**  
**WHITE PLAINS NEW YORK**  
**Westchester County**  
Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion  
FULLY ACCREDITED B.A. and B.S. Degrees  
Standard Courses in Arts and Science, pre-medical,  
journalism, teacher training, secretarial studies,  
fine arts.  
Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus.  
Forty minutes from New York City.

## IMMACULATA COLLEGE

Accredited liberal arts college for women. B.A., B.S., B.Mus. degrees. Science, music, business, home economics, teacher training; pre-med., pre-law. Stimulating social and sports program. Dramatic and musical productions with nearby men's colleges. Cheerful, homelike atmosphere. 323-acre campus near Philadelphia, overlooking beautiful Chester. Large modern residential hall, liberal arts building. Pool. Lake for swimming and canoeing. Gym and dormitory. Conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Early application advised. Catalog. Registrar, Box G, Immaculata College, Immaculata, Pa.

## SAINT FRANCIS

A college preparatory school of tradition and academic accomplishment. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. Grades 9 through 12. Established 1847 by Franciscan Fathers. Convenient location, 70 acres. Full athletic program, varsity and intramural. Write for catalog.

Rev. George J. Wuenschel, T.O.R.  
Box D, Spring Grove, Pa. (near York)

## Mount Aloysius

Junior College for Girls

Accredited. A.A., A.S. degrees. Liberal arts, music, drama, art, pre-lab technology. Secretarial, foreign-language secretarial, medical sec'l, med. record, librarian. Home economics, merchandising. Also high school. Academic, general, comm'l. Sports. Social program. Sisters of Mercy. Catalog.

DEAN, Box S, Cresson, Pa.

## Seton Hill College

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Four-year liberal arts. Pre-professional training for medicine, law, social service. Elementary and secondary teacher education; art, music, home economics education. Campus nursery school. 200-acre campus in foothills of Allegheny Mts. east of Pittsburgh. All sports. Regional, national accreditation.

Catalog on Request. Write Box 23-S

## COLLEGE OF MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-OHIO

*Beautifully located near Cincinnati, Ohio*

Conducted by Sisters of Charity, devoted to Higher Education of Women. Recognized courses leading to B.A., B.S., B.Mus., and B.S. in Music Education. Prepares for teaching in Art, Business, Health and Physical Education, Home Economics, Library Science, Music, and Speech. In co-operation with the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, a four-year course leads to degree of B.S. and Diploma of Graduate Nurse. Prepares dietitians and medical technologists.

For Prospectus address THE DEAN, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, OHIO

## MARIAN COLLEGE

CATHOLIC COEDUCATIONAL COLLEGE  
B.A., B.S. degrees. Liberal arts, sciences, teacher training, pre-professional courses, business administration, home-making, medical technology. Modern buildings; spacious campus; stimulating social and sports program. Catalog.

Marian College  
Box 14, 3200 Cold Springs Rd., Indianapolis 22, Indiana

## Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

Young women live graciously, grow spiritually, prepare for careers

Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. Fully accredited. B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Majors in 20 depts. including music, art, journalism, home economics, speech and drama, secretarial, teaching. Extensive campus. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Catalog.

Box 46 SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.

## Marywood School

For girls. High School for resident and day students. Conducted by the Sisters of Providence. Fully accredited. Member of North Central Association. College Preparatory, General Courses, Music, Art, Drama, Home-Making. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Catalog. 2116 RIDGE AVE. EVANSTON, ILL

## Gwynedd-Mercy

JUNIOR COLLEGE

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy  
180-acre campus 20 miles from Philadelphia  
Specialized courses leading directly to careers: merchandising; secretarial; medical secretarial, record librarian, laboratory technician. Liberal arts preparation for transfer to senior colleges. Music and art. Religion. 2 years. A.A. and B.S. degrees. Activities, sports. Affiliated with Catholic University. Catalog.

Sister Mary Gregory, Dean, Box S, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

## MARYWOOD COLLEGE

Accredited Catholic college for women. B.A., B.S., B.M., M.S. degrees. Newly-completed multimillion dollar expansion program added to campus three beautifully modern halls of residence, fine arts and science; theater, and gymnasium with largest pool in the East. Liberal arts; vocational; home economics made (NASM Accredited); art, secretarial, teaching (elementary, secondary); librarianship, drama, psychology, social service, science, medical technology. Honor societies. Clubs, publications, sports. Conducted by the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Write for catalog.

Registrar, Marywood College,

Box S, Scranton, Pa.

## Gilmour Academy

A Catholic  
Preparatory School  
for Boys

Fully accredited four year preparatory courses for resident and day students conducted by the Brothers of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. Beautiful 133 acre campus in suburban Cleveland with easy access to all social and cultural activities. Excellent facilities. Wide range of sports. Small classes. Counseling and guidance.

Office of Admissions

Box E Gates Mills, Ohio

## ST. MARY OF THE SPRINGS

College for Women

Conducted by Dominican Sisters

• Bachelor of Arts  
• Bachelor of Science  
in Education—in Home Economics—in Music Education  
Address REGISTRAR, Columbus 19, Ohio

## SIENA HEIGHTS ADRIAN MICHIGAN

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited. Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic. Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music, Commercial Education; Home Economics; Teacher Training; Dramatics; Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses; Two Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work. Exceptional Opportunities in Art. Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life

For Further Information Address the Dean

## MARMION

Military Academy

Military training, combined with sound Catholic education, builds men. Accredited 3-yr. high school course prepares for college or business. Sports for all boys. Under Beneficent Fathers. Moderate rates. 1 hour from Chicago. Catalog. Father Joseph, 671 North Lake St., Aurora, Ill.

## MORRIS SCHOOL

Post Office Box 137, Searcy, Arkansas  
For Boys—Conducted by the Franciscan Brothers

Located near the foothills of the Ozarks; ideal climate. Modern buildings including a large gymnasium and indoor pool; private lake; all major sports. Accredited Junior High with Elementary grades fifth and sixth.

# the GIFT that takes THE PRIZE



 *The Sign\**

## FOR:

**ANNIVERSARIES**—of all kinds: weddings, ordinations, professions, special occasions.

**BIRTHDAYS**—Your gift of The Sign means a new year of reading pleasure for young or old.

**GRADUATIONS**—Whether from the school or an individual, The Sign's a welcome gift.

**MOTHER'S DAY and FATHER'S DAY**—Either parent will prize this Catholic gift from you.

**ORDINATIONS**—The newly ordained priest will recall your kindness anew with each issue.

**PRIZES**—Church and school groups find Sign gift subs ideal party prizes, student awards.

**PROFESSIONS**—A nun will remember you for a gift that provides her own copy each month.

**SERVICE MEN & WOMEN**—They like The Sign for news of Catholic life on the home front.

**SHUT-INS**—Each new issue of your gift can aid someone confined in a hospital or at home.

**WEDDINGS**—Many priests select The Sign as most appropriate for their gift to couples.

**RATES:** \$3 Per Year • Two Years, or Two 1-Year Subscriptions, \$5 • Each Additional 1-Year, \$2.50

**GIFT CARD:** An Attractive Gift Card Inscribed With Your Name Is Sent To Announce Each Gift.

"Your Gift of THE SIGN Means A New Gift Every Month of the Year."

\*Gold Medal Award Winner — Catholic Press Association Convention Citations

GIFT ORDER  
DEPARTMENT

*The Sign*

UNION CITY  
NEW JERSEY

**REGULAR VALUE \$39.95**

**Westinghouse**  
AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL  
(THERMOSTAT)

*While They Last*

**\$8.95**

**YOUR COST**

Includes  
Copper-Fryer  
French-Fry Basket  
OvenGlass Cover

Direct-To-You At Much  
Less Than Wholesale

**Automatically**  
**Does All This for You**

- ★ French Fries
- ★ Roasts
- ★ Stews
- ★ Cooks Solids or liquids
- ★ Fries
- ★ Blanches
- ★ Food Warmer
- ★ Steams
- ★ Casserole
- ★ Serve Right From It—

**Just Set The Dial—PRESTO!**  
**It's Done For You—AUTOMATICALLY!**

**FREE 10-DAY TRIAL**

We are so confident you will be pleased with this unusual and outstanding \$39.95 value for only \$8.95 we offer to let you try it in your own home for 10 days. If you are not delighted, return for full and prompt refund.

### **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

**NIRESK INDUSTRIES, Dept. CFS-16**

**4757 Ravenswood, Chicago 40, Illinois**

Please ship at once \$39.95 value COOKER-FRYER at the total cost to me of only \$8.95. Include Free 81 Recipe Book. If not completely satisfied I can return for full and prompt refund.

To save part of postage I enclosed \$8.95 plus 80c for postage and handling. Ship prepaid.

Enclosed is \$1.00 Deposit. I will pay \$7.95 balance plus C.O.D. postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

**RUSH!**

## **10-WAY ELECTRIC COOKER-FRYER**

**Extra-Large  
6 Quart Capacity  
Copper**

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
in every advertisement throughout

**Fire King  
OvenGlass  
Cover**



**Underwriters Lab. Approved  
Complete with G.E. Cord**

### **All Brand New! Top Quality!**

Now you no longer have to put up with a hot stove—summer or winter—to quickly prepare and serve delicious food to your family and friends. This extra-large automatic COOKER-FRYER has an easy-to-clean Copper lustre finish with a shiny black enamel base. The WESTINGHOUSE-Built Automatic Heat-Control in this quality-built unit will give you many years of wonderful service whether you cook just for 2 or a whole crowd of family or friends. Unconditionally guaranteed to Roast-Fry-Stew-Cook-Blanch-Steam, etc.—Just the way you want it—or no cost to you. You can try all the wonderful features for 10 days Free... If not satisfactory in every way return for full and prompt refund. This is the Biggest Bargain we have ever offered. Originally made to sell at \$39.95—While quantity last—Special NIRESK Price only \$8.95 complete with everything. Limit 1 to a customer.

**FREE**

**81 RECIPE BOOK**  
Included at no extra cost with each promptly mailed coupon... To help give you even greater enjoyment from your Electric Cooker-Fryer.

Another Money-Saver From  
**NIRESK INDUSTRIES**  
Dept. CFS-16, 4757 Ravenswood  
Chicago 40, Illinois

# ANY 3 OF THESE FINE BOOKS

(Value up to \$24.75 in publishers' editions)

*Yours  
for only* **\$ 89**

IF YOU JOIN THE  
*Family Reading Club*

## CHOOSE THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT AND MAIL COUPON!

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 1,000 PICTURES.** See the entire free world, outside the U. S., with intriguing photographs! 10 "tours" to fabulous places. Exciting text, full-page maps, 448 big pages! Pub. edition, \$7.50.

**THE BOND AND THE FREE** by Charles Dunscomb. An inspiring novel about the conversion of Pontius Pilate's pagan niece, and how her faith and courage gave new hope to countless other early Christians.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COOKING** by Meta Given. Gives you a marvelous new approach to cooking! Plans meals, guides shopping; contains over 2,000 superb recipes, hundreds of great food pictures. 2 vols. Pub. ed., \$10.00.

**PIUS XII, Eugenio Pacelli: POPE OF PEACE** by Oscar Halecki and J. F. Murray, Jr. An inspiring biography of the Holy Father and of His glorious efforts to maintain peace in this troubled world. Pub. edition, \$4.50.

**PEACE AT BOWLING GREEN** by Alfred Leland Crabb. A warm and tender story of a wonderful Kentucky family—and of the whole town in which they lived—torn by the conflicting loyalties of the War between the States.

**LIFE IS WORTH LIVING** (1 and II) by Fulton J. Sheen. Over fifty full-length scripts of Bishop Sheen's inspiring television program faithfully transcribed from tape recordings. Originally in 2 volumes; pub. ed., \$7.25.

**AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.** A completely new guide to gracious living by America's foremost authority . . . your way to be sure you are socially correct always. 704 pages! Pub. edition, \$5.95.

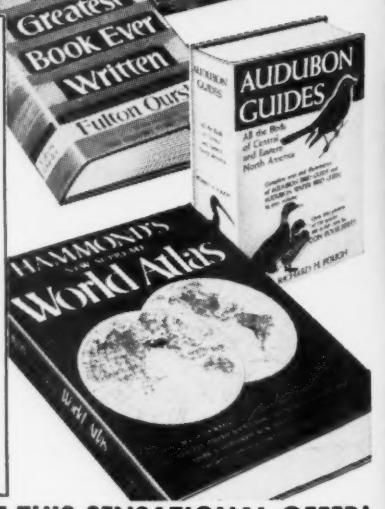
**NEW CREATIVE HOME DECORATING** by the Rockwells. Latest edition! 658 illustrations, dozens of full-color "show rooms", 144 period guides, room planter, etc. Full "how-to" instructions for every step. Pub. edition, \$3.95.

**AUDUBON GUIDES** by Richard H. Pough. Fully describes all land and water birds east of Rockies—with almost 1,000 glorious full-color Don Eckelberry pictures. Most complete ever published! Orig. in 2 vols. at \$6.50.

**ARCTIC DOCTOR** by Dr. Joseph P. Moody. The drama-packed story of a young doctor and wife who shared the excitement, dangers and joys of living among Eskimos in the windswept wilderness of the North.

**THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN** by Fulton Oursler. A reverent retelling of the Old Testament—the story of Adam and all the Biblical immortals in simple, beautifully-written narrative form. Pub. edition, \$3.95.

**HAMMOND'S New Supreme WORLD ATLAS**. At last, a top-notch, all-new atlas—with over 100 maps in full color, the latest complete Census figures, 16 history maps. Actually measures 9 1/4" x 12 3/4". Indispensable!



## —CHECK THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT—

**FAMILY READING CLUB, Dept. 4-S1, MINEOLA, N.Y.**  
Send me at once the three books I have checked at the right as my two Membership Gift Books and first Club selection, and bill me only \$1.89 (plus small shipping charge) for all three. Enroll me as a member of the Family Reading Club and send me, each month, a review of the Club's forthcoming selection. I will notify you in advance if I do not wish to accept any selection—at the special members' price of only \$1.89 each (plus small shipping charge). There are no dues or fees, and I may accept as few as four selections or alternate books during the coming twelve months. As a member, I will receive a free Bonus Book with each four selections or alternates I accept.

**SPECIAL NO-RISK GUARANTEE:**  
If not delighted, I will return all books in 7 days and this membership will be canceled.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City. \_\_\_\_\_ Zone. \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_

Same offer in Canada. Address Family Reading Club (Canada), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

(Please print)

- Amy Vanderbilt's Etiquette
- Arctic Doctor
- Around the World in 1,000 Pictures
- Audubon Guides
- The Bond and the Free
- The Greatest Book Ever Written
- Hammond's Atlas
- Life is Worth Living
- Meta Given's Encyclopedia of Cooking (2-volume edition)
- New Creative Home Decorating
- Peace at Bowling Green
- Pius XII, Pope of Peace

## WHY WE MAKE THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!

The Family Reading Club makes this unusual offer to demonstrate how it brings you the best and most enjoyable new books at much less than the publishers' regular editions! Each month publishers submit books they believe will meet the Club standards. Our Editors then select the book they can recommend most enthusiastically. These are books which *every member of your family can read*—novels, biographies and inspirational books by today's outstanding authors. They are books you can safely leave where older children can read them if they wish.

### What Membership Means To You

There is no charge for membership in the Family Reading Club beyond the cost of the books themselves. You pay only \$1.89 each (plus small shipping charge) for the books you purchase after reading the book review magazine which will come to your home each month. You pay postage nothing; your bill will be due later. It is *not* necessary to purchase a book every month—you may accept as few as four each year.

All selections are new, complete, well-printed and well-bound. And your books will be delivered to your door.

### Save Up to 60%

The purchase of books from the Club for only \$1.89 each—instead of \$3.00 to \$4.00 in the publishers' original editions—saves you from 35% to 50% on each book you accept. In addition, the Club distributes an outstanding "Bonus" Book free for each four selections you take. When the value of the Bonus Books is figured in, you can save as much as 60% of your book dollars!

### Join Now—Send No Money

If you believe in a book club which will appeal to every member of your family, let us introduce you to the Family Reading Club NOW, while you can get *your choice of ANY THREE* of the wonderful books described here—two as your FREE Membership Gift, and one as your first Club selection—for only \$1.89! Send no money, just mail the coupon today. However, as this unusual offer may be withdrawn at any time, we urge you to act at once!

**FAMILY READING CLUB • MINEOLA, NEW YORK**